

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

No. 139.—Vol. VI.

New York, September 21, 1867.

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Contents of No. CXXXIX.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|---|-----|
| Two Statesmen, | 189 | The Most Material Parts of Blackstone's | |
| The Money Question—I., | 190 | Commentaries, | 197 |
| Joint-Stock Associations, | 191 | The Most Material Parts of Kent's Com- | |
| Jenkins at the Watering-Places, . . | 192 | mentaries, | 197 |
| Cotton, | 192 | A Law Dictionary and Glossary, . . | 197 |
| CORRESPONDENCE: | | The Law Glossary, | 197 |
| Saratoga's New Rival, | 194 | Introduction to the Study of Interna- | |
| Reviews: | | tional Law, | 197 |
| Dens Homo, | 195 | The Science of Government, | 197 |
| Avery Glibun, | 196 | The Young Citizen's Manual, | 197 |
| A Complete Manual of English Litera- | | Essay Concerning the Human Under- | |
| ture, | 197 | standing, | 198 |
| Elements of Medical Chemistry, . . | 197 | BOOKS RECEIVED, | 193 |
| A Class-Book of Chemistry, | 197 | LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: | |
| The Cambridge Course of Elementary | | The Natural and Supernatural, . . | 198 |
| Physics, | 197 | Junius and the Critics, | 199 |
| The Chemical News, | 197 | LITERARIANA, I | 199 |
| Elements of Geology, | 197 | NOTES AND QUERIES, | 502 |

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

TWO STATESMEN.—A PARALLEL.

GERMANS so rarely have a really great statesman that they ought to thank the fate which has given them two at once. Practical statesmanship is a field upon which the studious philosophical German mind seldom ventures. The lamentable failure of the most eminent public men of Germany—who assembled in the *Paulskirche* at Frankfort in 1848-9, to grapple with the difficulties of the day, and who wasted their time in elaborate disquisitions upon a political situation which required practical and almost instantaneous relief instead of philosophizing and recondite theorems—shows what neophytes they were. But now and then, and after a century apart, there arises a man among the “nation of thinkers” who, beside thinking, has also capacity for acting. Wallenstein was a man of this nature. Superficial history, religious bias, and Schiller have covered the fame of the Duke of Friedland with the taint of treason. Our age is greatly indebted to the industrious Dr. Vohse for producing in his secret history of the court of Austria indubitable proofs of the man’s sagacity, far-sightedness, and thorough loyalty—though not, we must say it, to the fanatical and ambitious plans of Emperor Ferdinand and his coterie of confessors and other priestly advisers, but to the welfare, greatness, and future unity of the whole of Germany. This may sound strange to many ears, but we refer to Dr. Vohse’s highly interesting book for the full documentary proof of our assertion, and his authority ought to be accepted as good. At any rate, what Wallenstein intended was the exact reverse of what the Peace of Westphalia did finally accomplish in 1648. He wanted one compact, consolidated government for all Germany; the diplomatic tinkers at Münster and Osnabrück produced a disrupted country, more so than it was before the war; and from this grew all the difficulties and dissensions under which the Germans have been suffering ever since. Ambitious and selfish he was nevertheless, for, as the founder of a new Germany, he hoped to be its master and governing spirit, though willing to allow the empty title and gaudy honors to the purple-born Hapsburg. The brutal catastrophe at Castle Eger ended his eventful career, and with him died a man who, in his own way and by means appropriate to his times, sought to be for Austria what in our age Bismarck is for Prussia.

Since then we do not know of a single German prominent in statecraft who has risen above the level of petty diplomacy. The imperial court attracted into its circle many men of talent from all parts of the Continent, who served it well and served it ably. The Princes Lobkowitz, Kaunitz, and Metternich were, undoubtedly, great men of their kind. But they all looked backward instead of forward—strove to conserve and not to create. They were crafty in the use of all the arts and extrinsic attributes of statesmanship in the dynastic interests of their masters, without ever reaching to its legitimate, high object, the advancement of the greatness and prosperity of their country and its people, except as a mere resulting incident. To secure the incumbent of a throne in its possession and the enjoyment of his “divine right” to be “the state,” was the alpha and omega of their labors. They could be a Talleyrand to their crowned chief, but not a Richelieu. Stein and Hardenberg, in Prussia, were men of a different stamp. They had the true spirit of enlightened and considerate statesmen, were possessed of clear conception and energy of action. But when, after the fall of Napoleon, their aid was no longer indispensable, court intrigue encroached upon their influence and their usefulness was paralyzed. With more nerve and less abject submission to the intrigues centering at Vienna in the hands of Metternich, King Frederick William III., by the help of such men as Stein and Hardenberg, might have won a prouder place in history.

But, as we said at the opening of this article, great statesmen are very rare in German history, and it is with satisfaction that we notice that public opinion everywhere concedes to both Bismarck and Beust a place among the few. We may look with marked favor or dislike upon the course pursued by either, approve or disapprove of their respective policies, but we cannot deny them great ability. With more truth than politeness some critic said, at the beginning of last year’s war, that in the whole of Germany there was but one man who knew what he wanted and how it was to be got, and that man was Bismarck. This conceded knowledge alone is sufficient to establish his superiority among the statesmen of Germany. A definite purpose, with a distinct measurement of all the means by which to achieve it before he sets out on the road to reach it, is the one great characteristic of the Prussian minister. Added to this he possesses—we use the epithet without exaggeration—a tremendous energy coupled with a brusque recklessness which lets him laugh at all seeming or real inconsistencies as his course is developed. He has one end in view, and to that he bends all his successive steps. That end is the consolidation of Germany, her resurrection from that apathetic condition to which the “sleepy-heads” of the *Bundestag* had condemned her, and her elevation to such a position as will enable her to ensure the permanent peace of Europe by her compact, solid power in the centre of the Continent. That this is no easy task all students of European history well know. The Empress Charlotte complained spiritedly of the *vis inertia* innate in the Mexican people, and many and loud were similar complaints of the lethargic sleep of the *Deutsche Michel*. The cartoons of *Kladderadatsch* of Berlin and *Fliegende Blätter* of Munich often represented Germany in the person of a drowsy youngster with a night-cap deep over his eyes, in a half-waking, half-sleeping state, to ridicule the political apathy, the dreaming tendency, as it were, of their countrymen. Despite this inertness of the people, Bismarck ventured upon the task, and with remarkable adroitness he has all but accomplished it. Compare the steady development of his policy as prime minister with the thoughts and sentiments he expressed with refreshing sincerity in private and official letters written by him from Frankfort and St. Petersburg ten and more years ago, and we cannot deny that he entered King William’s ministry with the determined resolution, under the lead of Prussia, to make Germany more than what Metternich said Italy was, a “mere geographical idea”—to raise her to be the equal of her most powerful neighbors.

Inconsistent at times he certainly has been. The many changes he assumed during the complicated Schleswig-Holstein dispute; during the war with the Danes that followed it; again at the resultless conference at London; his favoring at one time the claims of Duke Frederick August to the sovereignty of the duchies and then kicking him out when he found him not so pliable as he would have him; his conduct when, the resolute defender of the sacred privileges of God-anointed kings, he unceremoniously dethroned kings and princes who had as much right to their crowns as his own master,—all this shows him to be often inconsistent, but it shows also that he cares not either for applause or criticism, nor for the character of the means he employs, but only for their effectiveness. The memorable war of last summer was but the result of his long-nursed conviction, expressed in a letter from Frankfort as early as 1856, while Prussian ambassador to the *Bundestag*, that the influence of Austria in Germany can be broken only “*ferro et igni*,” and from this significant phrase the Germans have nicknamed him “the man of blood and iron.”

Viewing his policy by the light of practical results, and without giving judgement upon its moral or political merits, we are forced to confess that it looms up as an epoch of the century. We speak not of the acquisitions by Prussia of territory and population; they were great in proportion, yet paltry in comparison with the impulse given to the hitherto ideal unification of Germany. The *Deutsche Michel* is asleep no longer. Apathy and lethargy have given place to life and activity. The Germans appear to have changed in their whole nature; they are a differ-

ent people now from what they were. They have pride in their nationality as never before, and feel the importance of the high position to which their sudden rise under Bismarck’s heavy pressure has lifted them. They have gained moral strength from the consciousness that their physical power will hereafter be directed by one common head and under a system wonderfully successful. Pride may be a vice; but a nation that is not proud of its name, its standing, honor, and influence, is a mere herd of cowards fit only to be slaves. Germany has in all history, so the Germans assert, been a beast of burden, over whose back pugnacious neighbors fought out their quarrels, she receiving all the blows and none of the plunder. It shall be so no longer, they now maintain, for Germany united will hold her neighbors in bonds to keep the peace. This transformation of the people is the most wondrous result of Bismarck’s policy. Its signs come to us in every shape; we gather it from the tone of the press, from private correspondence, and from the temper of official documents. It shows itself everywhere, no less at Munich and Stuttgart than at Dresden and Berlin; it even crops out in the guarded language of the Vienna journals, under the eyes of Francis Joseph. It is, then, not the mere change in the political geography of Germany, but the more important one in the tone and temper of the people, which we must consider as Bismarck’s work, and which all other Continental nations, the French especially, would do well to notice and remember. We may condemn the aristocratic harshness with which Bismarck refuses to listen to questions of more liberal internal reforms; we may dislike an unpleasant coarseness which he has shown on many occasions in the treatment of political opponents, but the one great fact stands out pre-eminently and will be preserved as a monument of his greatness, that he aroused the German nation from their lethargic sleep. Though he did it *ferro et igni*, yet he did do it; and therein lies his fame.

Baron Von Beust, in Austria, has an equally difficult task before him. Twenty years of war with the Corsican giant did not break Austria’s power as one day’s battle at Sadowa did. But the Austria of 1866 was not the Austria of 1800. For forty years the enervating policy of Metternich had sapped the vigor of the people, and the spasmodic exertion of 1848 ended only in bloody prostration. But though after that the empire of Austria remained the same *in esse*, it was not the same *in posse*. The whole eastern half—that part which yields to the government most of its material strength and means, Hungary and its dependencies—became the bloody play-ground for all the revengeful passions of victorious despotism irritated to madness by unsuccessful resistance. Modern ideas, strongly demanding a liberalized system of government, and yielding to the people some share in the direction of their own public affairs, were rejected with scorn. Though Metternich was no longer in power, the spirit of his system was still ruling. The Emperor Francis, on opening the Hungarian Diet, in 1853, in his own peculiar, unclassical Latin said: “*Totus mundus stultit et cult habere constitutionem*.” That was Metternich’s judgement of the demands of the people for constitutional in place of mediæval, patriarchal government. “The whole world has gone mad and wants a constitution” was the current phrase at court, and the youthful Francis Joseph, inheritor of the crown of his grandfather and of the principles of government of his grandfather’s chancellor, looked upon it as the very acme of wisdom. The people, very naturally, grew dissatisfied; and when the pinch came and the Emperor was sorely in need of their enthusiastic devotion, he found them, one and all, Germans, Bohemians, Hungarians, loyal and dutiful, yet sullen, depressed, and dejected. The battle-fields of 1859 and 1866 have taught him that the mere accident of birth and the technical right to the succession is not sufficient, in modern days, to bind the people to their sovereign as of yore. “*L’état, c’est moi*”—the king—was well enough at the beginning of the last century, before the American Revolution had given practical lessons in the “rights of man.” They were hard lessons, hard to teach a Hapsburg, but the blows of Solferino and Sadowa fell heavy enough to do it.

Beust was selected as the fittest man to work out

the regeneration of the empire, and, judging from present results, no better hand could have gone to work at it. He had to conciliate, heal the wounds a wrong policy had inflicted, wipe out sorrowful memories of the late past, and nurse to life hopes of a new, better future; to allay distrust and restore confidence in the liberal intentions of the Emperor; to raise the national credit, which had sunk so low that even the Confederate bonds were, at one time, only a small percentage below it; to arouse the productive industry of the country in order to increase the tax-paying power of the people, that the public treasury might reasonably keep up with the demands upon it. To do all this Beust had literally no helpmate, no other resources but himself, but he proved "the right man in the right place." His personal character and disposition were his best aids. Kind and amiable, conciliatory toward his bitterest foes, agreeable in his intercourse with all—the veriest antipode in these things to Bismark, who prefers to break with a blow what will not bend at the first touch—his influence soon exerted itself, both at court and upon the people, in happiest fruits. It is not our province to enter into details, and we may fairly assume them as known to our readers. It is enough to refer to the general result of his labors for a single year. The yearnings of the several nationalities of the empire are in a great measure satisfied, and if the Panslavistic tendencies of some of them, inflamed by outside agencies, occasionally blaze out in local disorders, they do not threaten serious danger to the stability of the empire, and could do so only in case of a general war in which Russia and Austria took antagonistic sides. The public credit has been greatly improved, the financial condition strengthened, and the people measurably convinced of the permanency of constitutional government. The liberalism introduced seems to be genuine, else the unopposed election to the Diet of Kossuth and Perczel would not have been possible. Thus, while the one, in the north, by the employment of iron and blood, has laid the foundation of a new empire, and has aroused to full wakefulness and activity the dormant aspirations of an otherwise slow and rather passive people, the other, by kindness, conciliation, and an honest realization of moderate liberal principles, has rescued an old empire from impending annihilation and is rebuilding it for, possibly, as eventful a history in the future as were the many centuries of its past.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

I.

MONEY, as the derivation of the word implies, means stamped coin. Its functions are twofold. First, it is a standard of value common to the commercial world. Second, it is the common circulating medium of the world. These two functions are quite separate and distinct from each other. As a standard of value, the precious metals possess peculiar properties belonging to no other material substance. They are imperishable, comparatively indestructible, of great value in proportion to their weight and bulk, convenient, and produced in limited supply. "They can not only be kept with as little loss as any other commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they, but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any number of parts, and by fusion these parts can be easily reunited—a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which renders them peculiarly fit to be the instruments of commerce and circulation." The art of coining money is coeval with authentic history, yet, notwithstanding, the precious metals were more commonly used as money in the shape of bars and ingots, and they are so used to this day among uncivilized nations. Among civilized nations, however, the precious metals are exclusively used as money in the shape of stamped coin. An average day's labor is a more absolute standard than any other; but an average day's labor is an abstract, intangible commodity. In one person it may be the work of the mind; in another, of the muscle. Stamped coin probably represents an average day's labor better than any other substance, and, therefore, an average day's labor is most tangible in such shape. Without proceeding further, we come to the practical fact that the precious metals or stamped coins derive their usefulness as a

standard of value from the great law of supply and demand. The precious metals or stamped coins are universally and always in demand among civilized and uncivilized nations, while their supply is limited. The supply is never equal to the demand, hence their comparatively uniform value. If not in demand for money, they are in demand for jewelry or plate and for use in the mechanical arts. It is true that the great increase in the production or supply of precious metals has impaired their purchasing power or intrinsic value compared with other commodities, but it has in no wise impaired their usefulness as a standard of value, nor has it lessened the demand for them. On the contrary, the demand increases with the progress of civilization and the arts. The increase of supply has so far exceeded the increase of demand that their relative value compared with labor or other commodities has become changed. The consumption of precious metals for jewelry and plate and in the arts was estimated, before the discoveries in California and Australia, at nearly double the quantity used for coin, while considerable quantities have been and are being absorbed by the Asiatic nations. The precious metals, then, are a standard of value in obedience to the great law of supply and demand which regulates the exchangeable value of everything in the material world.

The function of money as a medium of exchange is much less important than its function as a standard of value, because, while nothing can serve so well as a standard of value, there are many things equally useful as a medium of exchange and some much more useful and equally convenient. In the history of the world, however, there have been commodities used as a medium of exchange that were much less convenient than the precious metals. Iron was the primitive money of the Lacedæmonians, and copper of the Romans. The ancient Greeks used cattle as money. Nails were used for money at one time in Scotland. Our Puritan fathers used wampum and afterwards Indian corn for currency with the Indians and with each other. Some African and East Indian tribes used cowries; the inhabitants of Newfoundland dried cod; and the Abyssinians rock-salt for currency. Tobacco was once a legal tender in Virginia; bullets were the first legal currency in Massachusetts; and even after the formation of the Federal Constitution the salaries of public men in a portion of our country were paid in the skins of animals. In civilized countries of the present day paper is the most common, convenient, and, we may add, the most dangerous medium of exchange used in lieu of coin. Whatever substance is used for a medium of exchange, it is indispensable that it be not superabundant, and that it possess intrinsic or representative or nominal value. We have said that paper is the most dangerous medium used in lieu of coin, because it costs comparatively nothing to produce, and is, consequently, devoid of intrinsic value. Hence the constant tendency to excessive issue, which is the inevitable result unless the tendency be kept under control by a central power. Although a paper currency possesses no intrinsic value, yet so long as it is convertible at the will and pleasure of the holder into coin it possesses a representative value, which is all that is needed, and it also possesses that which, in large sums, coin does not possess—great convenience. A convertible paper currency, therefore, cannot be issued in excess. A convertible paper currency can be issued to such an extent that it will expel the precious metals and become inconvertible; but so long as its convertibility is assured it cannot be in excess. Although a convertible paper currency has a representative value—that is to say, although it represents coin—it may nevertheless be issued to such an extent that its relative value with labor or other commodities may become depreciated. In other words, the wages of labor and prices of all commodities will rise in money value owing to the superabundance of money, *i. e.*, coin or its representative. For, as we have elsewhere stated, the law of supply and demand regulates the exchangeable value of all things. This operation of a rise in prices consequent to an increased supply of money has been aptly illustrated by comparison with a balance scale. When the scales are in equipoise with merchandise in one and money in the other, the balance will be disturbed if the money be increased,

and the merchandise scale will rise, and *vice versa*. No one nation or community, however, can permanently increase the supply of money or convertible paper beyond a certain quantity, for, as we stated in the outset, money is the common standard of value and the common circulating medium of the commercial world—it is the common property (so to speak) of the commercial world. Consequently, when the supply of money is unduly increased, the inevitable result is a rise in the prices of labor and all other commodities, and the cheaper products of labor and commodities of all kinds will flow into such nation or community from other markets, and money will flow out till the common circulating medium of the world be finally distributed among the various nations and communities in just and equal proportion to each. It will be of no avail to attempt, by levying high duties, to keep out the cheaper products of foreign labor, for, as a writer in *The North American Review* truly remarks, "There is a strange law of finance which has fixed a limit to indirect taxation, and decreed that, where the line is passed, a new agent shall intervene for the protection of a misgoverned people and the vindication of the laws of statesmanship. At a certain point the smuggler appears and rescues the nation from its burdens." We therefore see that even the relative or exchangeable value of money itself is regulated by the immutable law of supply and demand, and if it were possible within a given period to double the quantity of coin in actual use all over the world, the inevitable result would be a corresponding rise in the money price of labor and other commodities all over the world. The rise in money prices would certainly not be owing to any want of confidence in gold or silver coin, but simply to an increased supply of the latter.

An inconvertible paper currency—that is to say, a paper currency which is not convertible into coin at the will and pleasure of the holder, *for the expressed value on its face*—has neither intrinsic nor representative value. It has a nominal value. It represents an unfulfilled promise. If, then, the value of the coin of a nation be regulated by the law of supply and demand, how can it be said that a circulating medium having neither intrinsic nor representative value is superior to and independent of the same immutable law? In the establishment of inconvertible paper money as legal tender no appeal is made to the confidence of men. On the contrary, it is a want of confidence that necessitates its issue. It is a question of law, or rather an act of justifiable force. The circulation of paper money is made compulsory by the powers that be. It is given by the government in payment of its own debts and is receivable in payment of taxes, and men take it because they know that others are constrained by law to receive it from them, and because there is no other circulating medium that is any better; for coin immediately vanishes upon the appearance of paper money, or rather its disappearance precedes and is the precursor of the advent of paper money, especially in civil wars. And this disappearance of metallic money from all the channels of circulation leaves a vacuum into which the paper money immediately flows, filling the circulation. If the issue of paper money were stopped at the moment the circulation became full it would remain at par, but unfortunately the issue never has and probably never will stop at this point, for the exigency that required its first issue necessitates a continuous issue, till, in this country, it has reached a point unprecedented, we believe, in history, except in the instance of the French Revolution, during which period the issue of *assignats* reached the enormous amount of forty-five thousand millions of francs.

We next proceed to the enquiry as to the use, importance, and value of a circulating medium, as such; what purpose or object is served by a circulating medium in the economy of society. And we will remark that a convenient circulating medium is one of the greatest labor-saving machines yet invented by man. It is indispensable to the well-being of man and the economy of society. It may, indeed, be regarded as an evidence of the human instinct rather than the product of any mental effort. Since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden to till the ground it has been the lot of the human race to satisfy its wants

by its own labor, and the most natural employment for man is that which is chosen in obedience to the Scriptural injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Men are endowed by the Creator with especial physical or mental capacities peculiar to themselves, and their labor is most productive when directed to those pursuits for which they evince the greatest desire and aptitude. Accordingly, the "division of labor," as it is termed in political economy, has resulted as a consequence of the instinctive teachings of the race. No one man can produce everything to satisfy his own wants and desires, as well as those of his family. He devotes himself generally to one particular occupation, and the products of his labor in this particular occupation he exchanges with others for such portion of the products of their labor as he may need or desire. Hence the necessity of exchanging commodities arises as a consequence of the division of labor. In a barbarous condition of society exchanges were generally effected by barter, thus establishing commerce. But as the civilized state appeared the introduction of a medium of exchange, or, as it is called, a circulating medium, superseded the system of barter and established the intervention of money, which, in turn, resulted in the establishment of banking. It is obvious that the intervention of money is a vast saving of labor, for without it the exchanging of commodities by manual process would require as much toil as was employed in their original production. The intervention of money creates, also, a great saving of time, and promotes rapidity of circulation—a consideration whose importance in social economy can scarcely be overestimated.

A circulating medium, then, is useful for no other purpose than to effect the necessary commercial exchanges, and it must be apparent that the circulating medium in any community will be limited in quantity. Men do not borrow money for its own sake, but for what it will procure. They no sooner get it than they are anxious to place it where it will perform some active remunerative service for themselves; a circulating medium drawing no interest becomes dead capital on their hands; in a word, we may say that a circulating medium is merely an *instrument of commerce*, for it is nothing else. Hence we reach the important conclusion that it is not in the power of government or the banks to impose upon society a greater supply of circulating medium than is demanded to effect the domestic commercial exchanges. Society will either reject a redundant currency or, if the circulation be made compulsory, as in the case of government paper money, it must inevitably suffer depreciation. But there is even a more imperative law than the will of a local people or the needs of a local society which limits the amount of circulating medium to be used in any community. It is the great law of supply and demand, the operation of which we have explained elsewhere. We will, however, repeat: if the *value* of a circulating medium be excessive, imports will increase in volume till sufficient money has flowed out of the country to restore that equilibrium of coin, or the precious metals, among the nations which is demanded by the law of supply and demand or, as we might not improperly say, by the law of gravitation. In the case of bank-paper currency undue expansion leads to a suspension of specie payments, and in such a case specie payments cannot be resumed till the currency is brought back to its limit by contraction. In the case of metallic currency, as in California and Australia, where the increase of supply is continuous, the outward flow of coin or the precious metals is continuous, thereby increasing the general supply of the world. In the case of government paper money or legal tender, which has no intrinsic or representative value, it must, after it has reached a certain limit, depreciate in proportion as the expansion is continued beyond the limit. If the government, instead of stamping a note, "The United States promise to pay to the bearer one dollar," had stamped the note, "The United States promise to pay to the bearer on demand one bushel of wheat," and redeemed its promise whenever called upon to do so, the note so stamped would have possessed representative value, and answered for a circulating medium; and such a currency could not be issued to excess so long as its

redemption was assured.* But when the government promise to pay one dollar and do not keep the promise, the notes bearing such promise expressed on their face possess neither intrinsic nor representative value. They only possess nominal value. And when the circulation was once full, if the government had affixed a cipher to each denomination of notes, making one dollar to be ten dollars and so on, it could not by so doing increase the real value of the currency. It would increase its nominal value tenfold and its real depreciation tenfold. No mere act of Congress can create value. It was not the act of Congress that imparted any value to the first legal-tender note issued. It was rather the demand of society for a circulating medium—an instrument of commerce—that gave a value to the intrinsically worthless paper note. And when the demands of society were once satisfied no power on earth could have permanently imparted augmented value to the circulating medium by the further issue of notes, or by any other expedient that human ingenuity could devise. "No government has the power of increasing the total national money otherwise than nominally. The increased quantity of the whole reduces the value of every part, and *vice versa*." If our argument needed any re-enforcement, we should find it in the language of Adam Smith, who states the whole theory of paper money thus: "The success of an expedient of this kind must have depended upon three different circumstances. First, upon the demand for some other instrument of commerce besides gold and silver money; secondly, upon the good credit of the government which made use of this expedient; and, thirdly, upon the moderation with which it was used, the whole value of the paper bills of credit never exceeding that of the gold and silver money which would have been necessary for carrying on their circulation had there been no paper bills of credit."

Nor, on the other hand, can the value of the currency remain below a certain minimum for any length of time; for, when the currency is reduced below a certain value, exports will flow out in increased volume, and money will flow in till the international equality be restored. In other words, the paper-money issues might be so reduced in volume as not only to be worth par, but also to draw gold and silver coin from foreign countries into the circulation.

JOINT-STOCK ASSOCIATIONS.

THE want of capital sufficient in amount for the prosecution of large enterprises led, at an early day, to the institution of commercial partnerships, in which the capital of several individuals could be combined and wielded for the purposes of the business for which the partnership was projected. In such associations of capital and talents of the individual members the common law elaborated rules deduced from principles which soon became thoroughly established, and there is probably no branch of the laws relating to commerce so thoroughly discussed in elementary treatises and in adjudged cases as that which is found under the title of "partnership." The liability of each partner for all the obligations of the partnership has always been firmly established, and the duties of the partners toward each other, and their rights and obligations under almost every conceivable state of facts, have been passed upon by the courts until the law on the subject has become plain and unmistakable. The system of special partnerships for commercial purposes, in which there should be a distinction between the liability of those partners who contributed only capital and those upon whom the management of the business devolved, was devised in France and has been adopted in this state. Under this system a special partner may enter into a commercial firm, and, by giving public notice of the fact that he enters as such special partner and that he contributes a certain sum in money to the general fund, he limits his liability for the debts of the concern to the amount of his contribution to the capital. Partnerships of this kind are now quite common. It is, however, obvious that such a system would not answer where the number of partners was large, and the amounts contributed by

* The establishment of a standard bushel of wheat, both as to weight and quality, would, of course, be necessary.

each small. In this state the facilities for acquiring corporate privileges have been so great that, where there is a necessity for a large capital for the prosecution of a business, the usual custom has been to obtain a charter from the Legislature or to organize as a corporation under the general laws. Probably the only large enterprises where capital is contributed by numerous persons, and where the management of the business is entrusted to a few, now in existence in this state, are the express companies. These companies are not corporations in law, and yet they partake of the nature of corporations to such an extent as to render their status under the laws a very interesting question. In England, where corporations are not erected with the ease of drawing up the necessary papers, such joint-stock associations as these express companies are common, and the reports of that country are full of cases concerning them. In this state, however, the courts have never until recently been called upon to define their position, or to discuss their relations either with the public or between the associates themselves.

The pending fierce competition between the Adams, American, and United States Express Companies on the one hand, and the Merchants' Union Express Company on the other, has drawn the attention of the public and the courts to the subject for the first time. These companies are all joint-stock associations, in each of which there are many hundred partners; their organic law consists of the articles of association to which each associate becomes a party, and statutory enactments which give them some of the privileges of corporations. The capital is represented by certificates of stock which are transferable in like manner as the stock of corporations. By statute they can sue and be sued in the name of their president or treasurer, and have power to hold real estate for the purposes of their business. The Merchants' Union Express Company was organized in 1866 with a subscribed capital of twenty million dollars. Of this immense fund they have as yet called upon their shareholders for only seven millions, or thirty-five per cent. of their subscription. There are over ten thousand shareholders, and they are scattered all over the country. It was well known when the enterprise was projected that the old companies would institute a severe competition, and would not yield even a share of their business without a sharp and protracted struggle. With this in view the capital of the new company was made purposely enormous, so as to enable it to sustain an exhaustive fight. The anticipated struggle has come. The old companies, banded together with all their resources, with all their talent, with all their experience, have determined to stake their own existence on the result, and have instituted a competition which has rarely been exceeded for its lavish expenditure of money and for its unscrupulous choice of means. Balked and baffled in all their attempts to intimidate and corrupt the managers of the new concern, as a last and desperate resort the courts were applied to. Nominally, the actions brought are on behalf of shareholders in the new company, but everybody knows that they are instigated, set on foot, and paid for by the old companies. The Merchants' Union Express Company charges this fact in its answer in the suit of Waterbury v. Ross, and Judge Barnard says that neither Waterbury nor the members of the old company who swore on his behalf denied the charge. Nay more, they allege the *very sum of money* which was paid to Waterbury to bring the suit. Mr. Phelps, of Michigan, was advised by the attorney of the United States Company and by him introduced to Mr. Reynolds, who brought the action. Under this extraordinary state of facts, although it was not pretended that the Merchants' Union Company was insolvent, although it was known to have thirteen millions of dollars of capital in reserve, counsel was found in New York who had the temerity to ask one of the justices of the Supreme Court of this state to outrage every principle of equity, justice, and law, and, by interfering to prevent the managers of the Merchants' Union Express from continuing their business, establish for the old companies a monopoly of more gigantic proportions than any of modern times.

We do not think that it was complimentary to

Judge Barnard that such an application should be made to him. We do not think that there ever was, in the history of modern law practice, such a monstrous wrong sought to be carried out under the forms of law. That it was unsuccessful surprised no one, except, perhaps, a few of the interested stockholders in the old companies who were blinded by their passion, their avarice, and their hate. That it surprised the learned counsel for the plaintiff we will not believe; for although in his argument he seemed oblivious of many elementary principles of the law, we will not believe that he has forgotten them all, and to expect any other result could only have been the result of total forgetfulness. The opinion delivered by Judge Barnard is one of the best written decisions which have been delivered in this state in many years. We commend its perusal to all who are interested in the subject. In it the status of these joint-stock associations is discussed and defined with great ability, and the lines which separate them from corporations on the one hand and simple partnerships on the other drawn with great delicacy and yet with boldness and precision. Associations of this description will not henceforth be without a distinctive place in the laws, and if hereafter, as is quite probable, capital in this state should forsake the machinery of corporations and seek the more simple, and in many respects more independent, mode of organization of these stock companies, *Waterbury v. Ross* will always be a leading case in respect to them, and the opinion of Judge Barnard will be the chart which defines their position, their responsibilities, their duties, and their privileges.

For ourselves, we cannot but rejoice that the great principle which is embodied in the words *free trade* has received such a powerful vindication as Judge Barnard has incidentally given it, and we hope that the day is yet far distant when any set of men, or any set of corporations, shall be enabled by means of sham proceedings in our courts to put out of the way dangerous rivals and destroy fair and free competition. If such a time is to arrive, and a judge is to be found who will lend himself to such an abominable proceeding, we feel assured, at least, that the time is not now and the judge is not George G. Barnard.

JENKINS AT THE WATERING-PLACES.

AMERICAN watering-places do not greatly differ, except in the accidents of location. We go to Long Branch or Newport to tumble in the surf; we go to Saratoga or Sharon to drink the waters, and in all other respects comport ourselves at one place precisely as we do at the other. Those marked distinctions which prevailed before the war in the *personnel* of our various summer resorts—which made one class of people affect Newport, another Saratoga, a third Long Branch—have been nearly or quite obliterated in the overwhelming deluge of shoddy which has cast down our olden idols and swept up to our high places a new and less fastidious aristocracy. Saratoga, indeed, may claim some variety from its race-track and its faro-banks; but these after all appeal only to a limited circle for only a limited time. Generally speaking, we may say that the watering-places are alike in every artificial element; that their follies and their pleasures are the same. A hop at Long Branch differs in no respect from a hop at Saratoga; the table of the Cataract entertains us with the same parlous feats of knife-swallowing which gratify us at the Pequot; croquet in the hills is quite as exciting as croquet in the valley; flirtation on a moonlit beach is a very similar affair to flirtation on a moonlit lawn. Everywhere we enjoy the same lofty patronage of clerks, the same insolence of waiters, the same elaborate insipidity of cooks, the same costly discomfort in general; more than all, we enjoy the same Jenkins. It is in the last feature that our watering-places chiefly challenge the world. Homburg and Baden-Baden may surpass our faro-banks, Biarritz may rival our surf; they can never equal our Jenkins.

Of course we do not mean to claim that Jenkins is a plant, perhaps we should say a flower, of purely American growth. To England we are doubtless indebted not less for the name than for the reality of this phenomenon of periodical letters. Dr. Johnson's biographer alone might furnish sufficient *raison d'être* for the existence of a race of Jenkinses. The French press, too, is happy in the possession of many brilliant representatives of the class, whose labors indeed are measurably lightened by Gallic fondness for dwellings of glass. But it is in America that we have brought Jenkins to his fullest and highest

development, precisely because it is here that we have most felt the need of his services. To have one's name in the papers is to the average American mind very near the acme of human felicity, or at least very near the goal of allowable ambition. And it results from a sort of intellectual *strabismus* that we are apt to overlook the means in gloating on the end; that it makes no very essential or appreciable difference whether we get into print in connection with a presidential nomination or a prize-fight. Possibly there may be a preference for the former; tastes differ, but the *début* in type is after all the important thing. Therefore it is that we cultivate Jenkins, and therefore that at the watering-place he finds freest scope for the exercise of his genius and effloresces into a splendor of rhetoric which is positively dazzling. Without Jenkins, indeed, the watering-place would be absolutely unendurable. What consolation is there in knowing that one has more dresses, or prettier dresses, or more desirable beaux, or faster horses than anybody else, if those envious Joneses in the city are not to be crushed with the knowledge that all the world knows it as well? Then steps up Jenkins with his prettiest bow, and taking out his pencil and note-book says, "Sir, or Madam, permit me to make an inventory of your wardrobe or your stables," and, having won a gracious assent, bows, scribbles, and retires. Then you go to bed and to pleasant dreams, and awake next morning to find yourself famous. Of course this is not the actual process. Nobody supposes for an instant that those pleasing little personal statistics are furnished by the individuals themselves. Nobody, on the contrary, is more horrified or indignant than the victims of this notoriety when first made aware of it. Everybody knows how impudent it is, and how unjustifiable, and what an outrage on the sanctities of private life. And yet the unconscionable Jenkins, who is known to be the author of the sacrilege, and who knows that he is so known, remains perfectly impassive under the storm—is, in fact, the recipient of sweeter smiles and more frequent cocktails than ever before. In short, all this virtuous indignation is only a phase of that social humbug which everybody sees through and yet finds it necessary to put on; a bit of by-play, an aside in the comedy of life to which the actors are understood kindly to shut their eyes and ears.

In principle, however it is wrong. All humbug, to be sure, is wrong in principle, but this is founded on a false basis. Is it not right and fit for the world to know that Mr. Brown drives the most stylish team on the road at Saratoga, and that Mrs. Brown wears the costliest dress, the superb diamonds at the Union hop? Let the poets rave as they may, we are pretty apt to judge men and women by the guinea's stamp, after all. And suppose that in default of a ministering Jenkins some of us whose affairs have kept us in the city during all the genial time of touring and rustication—those of us who have never seen Brown's team in Central Park, or Mrs. B.'s diamonds at the opera—suppose we should meet B. on his return from Saratoga and greet him as familiarly as though he drove only a single horse or as though his excellent wife wore only pearls or garnets! How shocked, how humiliated, we should feel when the bitter truth burst upon us! Therefore we say, let Jenkins live, and metaphorically speaking, we toss our caps in the air and cry huzza! Vive Jenkins! Long life to his honor!

We have a huge admiration for his letters. We are never tired of reading those long catalogues of prancing steeds and gorgeous robes, of gallant cavaliers and beauteous dames, so like the Catalogue of the Ships in the ancient epic. We confess to a sneaking delight in contemplating the affluence of our luckier neighbors. When we read about Smith's dashing four-in-hand and stylish dog-cart, in imagination we grasp the reins; we whirl along the road before all competitors; we gather Olympic dust and turn the goal with fervid wheel. And all this without the slightest danger of getting spilled or smashed, as sometimes happens to Smith. And then look at that list of beauties, blonde, brunette, "between," where every phase of loveliness is sketched or hinted at with the delicate precision of a master—why, a gallery of Vandykes would not give us more genuine pleasure. And if we who are merely observers of the glittering scene are so gratified, what ecstasy must be theirs who have participated, who drive their drives and dance their dances over again, in the glowing language of Jenkins, who come to him to receive the crown of gallantry or beauty. How Miss Clarinda must blush with joy to learn from the correspondence of *The Evening Teapot* that she was, "in the opinion of many, the most elegantly attired lady in the room." How Robinson's embroidered shirt-front must bulge with manly gratification to read in *The Weekly Bubble* that he has the distinction of owning the handsomest turnout at—Long Branch, or Newport, or Saratoga, as the case may be? To be sure,

in that case the vast majority of ladies and gentlemen who were impliedly less elegantly attired, or less handsomely turned out, might be supposed to feel aggrieved; but Jenkins has the art of distributing his praise so equally that there is consolation for all. If a fair one be more favored by nature than art, more fortunate in her face than in her modiste, we are told of her surpassing beauty; if the contrary, eulogium is exhausted on her millinery. Again we say, Success to Jenkins! and certain we are that from Newport to Point Comfort hundreds of pouting or bearded lips will open to swell the chorus.

We have sometimes tried to picture to ourselves what manner of man Jenkins may be. We fancy him as an ambrosial youth, of lofty mien and irreproachable cravat; a Centaur on the road; Adonis in the *salon*. Favored is he of great and good, of brave and fair. What manly greetings salute him where he goes, what genial invitations to the social nip? What bright young faces beam upon him, what stately matrons do entreat him fairly! What thrilling reminiscences are his of a fond caress and tender whisper, of starlit rambles under green leaves or on breezy piazzas or sea-lapped sands, when the ocean murmurs its soft sad minor to the music of loving lips? Sometimes, when we think of all this, we fancy we should like to be Jenkins; we yearn to revel in the rosy existence where all men are equally noble and all women equally fair. But then the reverse of the medal strikes us: the mental agony of finding suitable epithets for varieties of beauty, of racking one's brains for an unending series of superlatives, the constant strain of admiration, the secret consultation with chambermaid and hostler the midnight keyhole! When we think of all this, we don't so much care to be Jenkins; we are content with our humble lot, and with a sigh we reflect that glory is not always synonymous with happiness.

COTTON.

ITS HISTORY AND PROSPECTS.

THIS vegetable, which, next perhaps to corn, is the most important of all the products of the earth, was grown at the very beginning of the Christian era in a province at the head of the Persian Gulf, and at that period was manufactured there. In the time of Pliny, about A.D. 75, the plant was well known in Upper Egypt. In Spain it was grown and manufactured as early as the tenth century. In Italy it was used at the beginning of the fourteenth century. In China it was grown in gardens before the thirteenth century, but only as people of modern times grow roses; it was then manufactured there simply as a curiosity. It was indigenous in Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest. Magellan found it in use in Brazil in 1519. Columbus saw it growing wild in Hispaniola and other West Indian islands; but India is the birth-place of its manufacture, where it was spun in periods of remote antiquity. The sixteenth century saw cotton cloth for the first time in England. In 1590 it was brought from Guinea thither, and centuries before this period cotton cloth was known in Morocco. Baines, in his very elaborate work upon cotton manufacture, which was published in England about thirty years ago, states that the growth of cotton in India was nearly as general as that of articles of food. It is curious to consider that during many centuries so little improvement had been made in the method of spinning cotton. In the year 1760 the machines used in England for that purpose were nearly as simple as those of India, and but a few years thereafter, viz., in 1767, just one hundred years ago, the world was startled by the discovery of Hargreaves. The poor man, like many other similar benefactors of his kind, gained little by his mechanical genius. If we mistake not, he was in early life a barber, and his invention led him into sad trouble. His wife beat him about the head, broke up his jennies; and his fellow-townsmen in 1768 drove him away from his native town, alleging that his machines cheapened labor. It was not until 1770 that he obtained his patent. He did not long survive, but it is not true, as is often said, that he died in a workhouse. On the contrary, he left a guinea in his will to pay the vicar for preaching his funeral sermon. Hargreaves' and John Wyatt's names are the most important in the early history of cotton-spinning in England; and it is a sad pity that Wyatt, who had a patent for roller-spinning thirty years before Arkwright claimed to have conceived the idea, derived no benefit whatever from it. He was very poor—too poor, it seems, to take the patent in his own name, which appears in that of his business partner, and it lay unnoticed and useless for many years.

We shall offer to our readers, by-and-by, some interesting facts with regard to English trade in cotton, but meanwhile we take occasion to observe that, contrary to the public estimate of the man, Arkwright cannot fairly be called a genius. He stole Wyatt's idea, as is most

conclusively established by a comparison of their several patents, which, so far as the method of spinning by rollers is concerned, are almost identical. Hargreaves's spinning-jenny, which was rude, simple, and carefully hidden for a while from the public eye, was a discovery almost as important as that of the art of printing or the uses of steam. The whole world for centuries had been spinning cotton a single thread at a time. Hargreaves made that one thread into a spider's web, which drew the busy flies of industry into it for ever after. The mechanical inventions of the latter half of the eighteenth century were indeed wonderful. Arkwright's patent was taken out in 1769, followed closely by Crompton's discovery of the mule, Kelley's application of water-power to drive it, Cartwright's power-loom, Roberts's self-acting mule, and Watt's steam-engine.

Arkwright was a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, and he speedily became the founder of the factory system in England. Great efforts were made to set aside his patents, which he successfully resisted for sixteen years, and it was not until 1785 that they were finally broken up. The effect of this was at once apparent, the total import of cotton into England in 1784 being 11,482,083 lbs., while in 1787, only three years thereafter, the import was doubled, viz., 23,250,268 lbs. Two years later, viz., in 1789, Watt erected the first steam-engine in Manchester for cotton-spinning, and four years after this date, in 1793, in order to keep pace with the increased demand for the raw material, our own Whitney gave the cotton-gin to the world. The following table shows the import of cotton into England from all countries, at different periods during the eighteenth century, the earliest record which we have seen being that of the year 1697—in which year the total import was 1,976,359 lbs.:

| | | |
|--------------|----------------|-------------------------|
| 1701 | 1,976,359 lbs. | |
| 1705 | 1,170,881 " | average for four years. |
| 1710 | 715,008 " | |
| 1720 | 1,972,805 " | |
| 1730 | 1,545,472 " | |
| 1740 | 1,645,631 " | |
| 1751 | 2,976,610 " | |
| 1764 | 3,879,392 " | |
| 1771 to 1775 | 4,764,589 " | average. |
| 1776 to 1780 | 6,766,613 " | |
| 1784 | 11,482,083 " | |
| 1785 | 18,400,384 " | |
| 1787 | 23,250,268 " | |
| 1790 | 31,447,605 " | |
| 1800 | 56,010,732 " | |

The first export of cotton from the United States to Great Britain occurred in 1781, in which year an American vessel arrived at Liverpool with eight bales, which were seized by the custom-house authorities upon the plea that they were not the product of this country. It was not until 1791 that any considerable quantity, namely, 189,316 lbs., was exported from the United States. The following table shows the total exports at different periods thereafter:

| | | | |
|------|----------------|------|------------------|
| 1796 | 6,106,729 lbs. | 1821 | 124,892,405 lbs. |
| 1801 | 29,911,301 " | 1826 | 204,535,415 " |
| 1806 | 37,491,382 " | 1831 | 270,979,784 " |
| 1811 | 62,186,081 " | 1836 | 322,215,122 " |
| 1816 | 81,747,116 " | 1838 | 595,952,297 " |

The following are the exports to Great Britain alone since 1850, the total quantities since 1860 being computed at an average of 450 lbs. to the bale:

| | | | |
|------|------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 1851 | 670,645,123 lbs. | 1862 | 32,500,000 lbs. |
| 1854 | 696,247,047 " | 1863 | 59,500,000 " |
| 1856 | 892,127,988 " | 1864 | 89,000,000 " |
| 1857 | 683,967,972 " | 1865 | 208,000,000 " |
| 1860 | 1,160,000,000 " | 1866 | 522,000,000 " |
| 1861 | 830,000,000 " | To Aug. 22, 1867 | 477,000,000 " |

These figures show that in but little more than sixty years our export of cotton increased from about 6,000,000 lbs. to 1,100,000,000—a wonderful difference, truly.

The records which have been preserved of the prices of cotton in Liverpool in old times show that in

| | | | |
|------|------------------------------|---------|---------|
| 1782 | the value fluctuated between | 1 s. d. | 8 s. d. |
| 1784 | " | 1 0 | 2 1 |
| 1786 | " | 1 10 | 3 6 |
| 1789 | " | 1 0 | 1 10 |
| 1792 | " | 1 8 | 2 6 |

The above quotations were solely for West India cotton. Georgia cotton is first quoted in England in 1793, viz., 1s. 1d. to 1s. 10d. for uplands, with India cotton at 10d. to 1s. 4d. In 1799 Georgia cotton ranged in price, in Liverpool, from 1s. 5d. to 5s., and India cotton from 11d. to 2s. 4d. In 1803 the quotations respectively were 8d. to 1s. 3d. and 9d. to 1s. 2d.; between 1806 and 1814 the lowest price at which middling uplands were sold in England was in 1811, viz., 12½d., with Surats at 10½d. The highest prices known at any period between the year 1800 and the breaking out of the Southern rebellion was in 1814, when uplands were sold in Liverpool at 23d. to 37d.; Sea Island, 42d. to 72d.; and Surats 18d. to 25d. Between 1814 and 1834 the lowest cotton year was 1829, when uplands were quoted at 4½d. to 7d., Sea Islands from 9d. to 21d., and

Surats from 2½d. to 5½d. These very low prices were no doubt caused by the heavy import of 1827 and 1828, 452,240 bales being in stock in Liverpool at the close of the former year, and 405,886 bales at the end of the latter.

The amount of cotton grown in the United States in 1850 was 2,445,793 bales; ten years later, viz., in 1860, the yield was doubled, being nearly 5,000,000 bales, of which the state of Mississippi alone grew nearly one-quarter, a quantity equal to about one-half of the total product of 1850. Slave labor had become highly profitable and was taxed to its utmost to raise the staple. Look, for example, at the growth of 1866, which was only about 300,000 bales more for the whole country than Mississippi alone made in 1860!

But, to leave these figures for the present, let us see what was the course of prices in this country for cotton during the late war. The fluctuations in the article from April, 1861, to July, 1861, at New York were only three cents per pound, viz., from 12½ cents to 15½ cents. In September of that year middling uplands had risen to 22 cents, and in November to 22½ cents, in December early to 28½ cents, and on December 25, 1861, to 37 cents per pound. These were all gold values, as specie payments were not suspended until January, 1862. The year 1861 closed, however, in New York with only about 15,000 bales on hand. The article increased in value very rapidly afterward, but did not reach its maximum price in currency until the 23d to 25th of August, 1864, when middling uplands were sold in New York at \$1 90 per pound. The statistics of 1864 are curiously interesting, and, at the risk of tiring our readers, we submit them. The following table shows the percentage of premium on gold, and the actual prices of cotton in this city at various times in that year:

| | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| June 13, 1864 | Gold 95 prem., Mid. Upland Cotton | \$1 25 currency. |
| " 18, " | " 96 " | " 1 50 " |
| " 23, " | " 115 " | " 1 47 " |
| " 29, " | " 144 " | " 1 47 " |
| July 11, " | " 185 " | " 1 68 " |
| " 21, " | " 159 " | " 1 63 " |
| " 28, " | " 159 " | " 1 62 " |
| Aug. 3, " | " 158 " | " 1 68 " |
| " 18, " | " 158 " | " 1 78 " |
| " 25, " | " 158 " | " 1 90 " |
| " 30, " | " 134 " | " 1 89 " |
| Sept. 8, " | " 136 " | " 1 86 " |
| Dec. 30, " | " 127 " | " 1 18 " |

From this it appears that between the 13th and 18th of June, 1864, with no advance in gold, cotton rose 25 cents per lb., and on the 11th of July of that year, on which day gold reached its maximum of no less than 185 per cent. premium, cotton sold at 22 cents per lb. less than it did on August 23, 1864, when gold was 27 per cent. lower. On July 1, 1865, the gold premium stood at 40 per cent. and cotton at 44 cents per lb.; and at the end of 1865, gold stood at 45 per cent. premium and cotton at 46 cents. Now, while we write, the gold premium is about 45 per cent., and middling uplands are selling at 25 cents per lb., currency, or about 17½ cents, gold; about the same price as was paid in August, 1861. Of course the extraordinary fluctuations which we have named built up and destroyed many a fortune. Gains and losses in cotton were enormous, the latter in many well-known instances amounting to no less a sum than \$700 or more per bale. Many cases are known of almost ridiculous hardship, in some of them equivalent to a total loss of the cotton on the part of the planter, by reason of charges only, where no advance had been made him, other than freight and government dues. At this moment we are credibly informed that an invoice of about 250 bales of cotton is offered for sale, in this city, which will result in a loss to the parties interested of more than \$100,000.

The belief that no other country can grow such desirable cotton as our own is a very common error North and South. The best cotton produced in the world is undoubtedly the growth of our Sea Islands—that is, the islands which fringe our southern coast from South Carolina to Florida. The quantity of this, however, is not important, and, indeed, this year bids fair to be very much less than usual. But, apart from quantity, the best qualities of Egyptian rank nearly as high in Liverpool as Sea Island, and the cotton of Brazil is nearly all of long staple and takes rank next to Egyptian. The Cotton Supply Association of Manchester have just held their annual meeting, and their report states that American seed has lately been more extensively used in Turkey, India, the Brazils, and elsewhere, and that the result has been the growth of a better quality, and that cotton from Smyrna and other districts has realized in Liverpool nearly as high a price as the produce of the United States. The following table exhibits the relative values of Middling Orleans, Egyptian, Brazilian, and India or Surat cottons in Liverpool at the end of each month in 1866:

| | Mid. Orleans. | Egyptian. | Brazil. | India. |
|--------------|---------------|-----------|---------|--------|
| January, . | 18½d. | 22½d. | 19½d. | 16½d. |
| February, . | 19½ | 23 | 20 | 16 |
| March, . | 19½ | 23½ | 20½ | 16 |
| April, . | 15½ | 19½ | 17 | 13 |
| May, . | 14 | 18½ | 14½ | 9½ |
| June, . | 14 | 18½ | 14½ | 9½ |
| July, . | 14½ | 23 | 17½ | 10 |
| August, . | 14 | 20 | 16½ | 9½ |
| September, . | 14½ | 19 | 16½ | 10½ |
| October, . | 15½ | 17½ | 16½ | 11½ |
| November, . | 14½ | 16½ | 14½ | 10½ |
| December, . | 15½ | 17 | 15½ | 12½ |

And the quantities of these four classes of cottons which were imported into England in 1866 are as follows: Out of a total import of 3,749,588 bales there were 1,102,745 bales American; 407,646 bales Brazilian; 200,231 bales Egyptian; and 1,837,150 bales India. Our Sea Island seed was planted in Egypt in 1827 and yields finely. It is a singular fact that, notwithstanding cotton had been known in Egypt since the days of Pliny, its cultivation had been abandoned, and it was not until 1821 that any energetic attempt was made to revive it. In that year but 60 bags were made; in the next year about 50,000; and in 1824 no less than 140,000 bales. We have not at hand the statistics of its recent growth, but are persuaded that large quantities would be exported thence were labor more abundant. Egypt and Turkey together exported to England nearly 414,000 bales in 1865. Egyptian cotton was first imported into England in 1823, although the cottons of Brazil were known there as early as 1781.

The world is by no means dependent upon the United States for its supply of cotton. This was abundantly proved during the late war, as we will presently show; while, with regard to the popular belief that India cannot compete with us in quality, it is nevertheless the fact that the culture is improving. The writer saw in Liverpool in June last Surat cottons which were of excellent staple, well ginned, and free from leaf or dirt, and which sold at a price only ½d. to ¾d. per pound below our middling uplands. Cotton is not king; that dignity belongs to corn; and it is probable that had the leaders of public opinion in the South before the war but guessed how greatly the growth of cotton would be stimulated in other countries as a consequence of our fratricidal quarrel, they would have hesitated before firing upon Fort Sumter. The report of the British Commissioners of Customs for 1866 states that out of 11,000,000 cwts. of cotton (112 lbs.) imported into England in 1861, more than 7,000,000 cwts. came from the United States. In 1866 the figures were almost precisely reversed, this country yielding to England in that year but about 4,500,000 cwts., and other countries more than 7,000,000 cwts. It must be conceded, however, that the capabilities of this country for cotton-growing are of a prodigious character, and the opinion has been put upon record by sagacious judges that in less than ten years our cotton product will be doubled. It is, however, in our opinion, premature to accept such a conclusion. It will probably be many years before free labor can be made as productive in the cultivation of cotton as was the slave system, to say nothing of the fact that about one-third of the labor which existed before the war is estimated to be lost to the South; in addition to other causes, the women being kept from the fields and the children at school must largely decrease the available labor. On the other hand, it is very difficult as yet to estimate what effect upon the growth of cotton may result from the emancipation of so large a class as that of the poor whites of the South from the contempt in which they were formerly held. In 1860, out of a population of twelve millions in the Southern States, eight white and four black, there were less than four hundred thousand who were slaveholders, and of this number no fewer than seventy-six thousand owned but one slave each. It is not probable that the residue of the adult male white population raised much cotton, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the labor of this class in cotton culture will hereafter be sensibly felt, although we know that Southern gentlemen assert that the white man cannot work in a cotton-field and live. They say that, in order to make cotton, the most conscientious labor is required in almost every month in the year. After the plant is above the ground the laborer, black or white, must be in the field before sunrise, wet to the waist, with his clothes permitted to dry upon him as they may, and his labor is not ended until nightfall. It is urged that white men cannot work thus. The experience of the next few years will doubtless decide the matter; in the meantime, coolie labor is hoped for. As the matter stands at present, with a tax which is almost prohibitory, and which any man of business can at once see comes out of the producer and not the consumer, the planter hesitates between cotton and corn. A writer in *The New Orleans Weekly Crescent*, recently, states that

General Pillow will this year make two hundred thousand bushels of corn, which it may very reasonably be supposed will pay him a better profit than an ordinary crop of cotton. The corn crop will this year be very large in the South as well as in the West. For some time past Southerners have imported their corn at high prices, but this is ended now, at any rate until 1869. Negroes prefer corn to cotton growing, and, while they are earning wages which but few field-laborers in the world get save themselves, whether white, black, copper-colored, or otherwise, they should be taught to economize; for it is certain that the negro will have to lower his pretensions, in a marked degree, when Liverpool refuses to give us more than 6d. for our cotton. He now gets fifteen dollars a month, with shelter and food, besides perquisites. An English agricultural field-laborer has to be content with about the same pay, out of which he must clothe, feed, and house his family, with the additional disadvantage, as compared with the negro, that he dreads that which the latter never fears, *i.e.*, starvation. We are aware that the bulk of the testimony which was taken before the United States Commission in respect to cotton as a source of internal revenue is against the position which we assume concerning the tax; but the evidence came almost exclusively from New England spinners, who favored a large tax, coupled with a drawback upon the manufactured article when exported. As the law now stands—that is, since the first instant—2½ cents per pound is levied upon the planter, who cannot remove his cotton from the district where it is grown until the tax is paid; and the same amount of drawback is allowed upon the weight of the manufactured goods when exported; but it is our belief that were the tax upon the raw material 10 cents instead of 2½, it would merely serve to stimulate its production in other countries, as Great Britain will buy the bulk of her cotton in the cheapest markets irrespective of the cost of raising it. Manchester establishes the price of the article for the world, and Englishmen are the most extensive dealers in cotton for other purposes than the mere supply of their own spinning wants, as may be conclusively shown by reference to the statistics of the cotton exports from Great Britain during the past year, 1866, which were as follows, viz.:

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------------|
| American, | 208,015 bales. |
| Brazilian, | 111,685 " |
| Egyptian, etc., | 31,337 " |
| East India and China, | 762,524 " |
| Total, | 1,196,595 bales. |
| Equal to 303,752,917 pounds. | |

At the present moment her supply is so great in port and afloat, namely, on 30th ultimo amounting to 793,500 bales in the ports and 470,000 bales (almost all East India cotton) afloat, the price of middling upland American has fallen to 9½ pence in Liverpool, and in New York to 25 cents currency. The latter price would yield to the planter in Georgia not more than 18 cents per pound, after the tax and all charges are paid; and as it is probable that with the present prospect of this year's crop prices will by the ensuing spring decline so much that planters will not realize more than 15 cents, the tax would, in such an event, be equivalent to more than 16 per cent. upon his capital and labor, which we submit is unreasonable and unjust, and we claim that he alone pays this tax, for the reason that he would get just as much for his cotton were there no internal revenue tax upon it as he now gets with the oppressive impost which he has to pay.

With regard to this year's crop, notwithstanding unfavorable reports from various sections of the South, it is thought that, with a favorable season from this time until frost, the production of 1867 will not be far from 2,500,000 bales, costing to raise about fifteen cents per pound, currency. If England will pay us a profit upon double that quantity, it will unquestionably be grown. At present India cottons cost to sell in Liverpool about twelve cents per pound in gold, and American uplands are selling there at about nineteen cents in gold; but the probabilities of a heavy decline in England before spring are great, as India is sending forward very large supplies, no less of late than 200,000 bales per month. Should prices recede much in Liverpool, our own markets must fall to a price which will leave the planter very little, if any, profit, as our consumption of this year's crop is unlikely to exceed 800,000 bales, which leaves us, of course, very much at the mercy of Manchester as to the price of the remainder. Besides, and this is a most important consideration, the Atlantic Cable has made the great cotton ports of this country mere store-houses for Great Britain. The spinner who breakfasts in Manchester can now run down to Liverpool in a couple of hours, look through the market, and, if he discovers that he can save an eighth of a penny a pound by so doing, he can buy that day in New York or Savannah, Mobile or New Orleans, Memphis or Gal-

veston. The facilities of communication are so perfect he need buy only from hand to mouth, and consequently he can control prices the world over, and, of course, will control them entirely in his own interest.

The Liverpool Cotton Exchange is the grave of many a princely fortune. Transactions there are consummated in an open square commonly called "the flags." The writer has often thought while standing upon them, surrounded by the busy crowd of factors and planters, bankers, brokers, and spinners, how appropriately the stones could be used to record the fate of merchants throughout the world who have met ruin there. Thus, we might read in one spot, "Beneath this slab is deposited the last rupee of the princely Bombay merchant Cursetjee Merwangee Jadhav, who, during the American rebellion, bought the entire cotton growth of an Indian district, but who made the fatal mistake of shipping it hither instead of selling it at home; he begged a province, but gained a great name in Britain;" or, in another, "Here lie deposited the original bills of exchange which were drawn by John Smith, of New Orleans, upon Tracer, Shunem & Co., of Liverpool, in order to make the usual advances to planters upon their shipments. Smith gained a small commission, but T., S. & Co. failed with a million of pounds of Smith's bills outstanding. Stranger, go thou and avoid his error;" or, in still another place, "Under this stone are preserved the original instructions which one of the greatest speculators of America sent to England, ordering his cottons sold without reserve on arrival; had his orders been obeyed he would have realized a splendid profit, but they were not, and his ruin must serve as a warning to those who come after him. His grateful correspondents in this country have inscribed this stone to his financial memory." Seriously, however, the experience of the past few years of shippers to England is so disastrous that it may reasonably be doubted whether or no Manchester will not be permitted for some time hereafter to send her funds to our ports for her cotton wants instead of waiting for us to thrust our supplies into her home markets. This will surely be the case if men of business are ever to profit by sad experience.

The statistical cotton year ended on the first instant, and it will soon be known what are the exact figures in every branch of the trade in this country for the year 1866-67. The account will be of vast importance to the industrial prospects of the nation and will be looked for with proportionate interest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SARATOGA'S NEW RIVAL.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, August 25, 1867.

THOUGH Richfield Springs be one of the youngest of fashionable watering-places, it is not, judging from the crowds that just now overflow its hotels and trickle off into numerous colonies through the village, by any means the least popular. Nor is there any whose popularity is better deserved. For we have here, at the moderate rate of three dollars a day, nearly all that makes Saratoga attractive, with much beside that Saratoga has not. Our hotels, for example, are quite as uncomfortable and our waiters as independent, our hops are just as crowded (in proportion), just as dressy, and very nearly as impracticable for dancing; our Indians are fully as dirty and extortionate, our mineral waters vastly more disgusting. To complete the parallel, we have a race-course and a lake, and had, once upon a time, a faro-bank. On the race-course, to be sure, there are never any races; I have failed to find that there ever were any within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Yet it seems probable that there must have been at least one some time in remote antiquity; and a dim tradition of the sort is religiously preserved in the village. Every now and then one hears vague announcements of a race to come off in a week or two, or next month, between somebody's wonderful three-year-old and the famous mare from Cooperstown that has beaten Dexter—or might, could, would, or should have beaten Dexter, your informant hardly knows which; but somehow or other the weeks roll on and the famous mare is lame or the wonderful three-year-old pays forfeit, and the race-course is left in wonted solitude and silence. A very weedy, dilapidated, forlorn old Sahara of a race-course it is, hiding away behind its high weather-beaten fence as though it were ashamed of itself, unknown of Underwood and the Jockey Club, and ignorant of pools, save those the rain may leave on its untended track. It is easy to believe that the grim, unsightly skeleton of a grand stand, lifting gaunt arms up to the smiling heavens and looking hideously like a gallows at some little distance, is only the ghost of an unlucky better plucked in that mythic race of old, and now constantly impregnating on the scene of his ruin the desola-

tion which is fast falling. Probably to the same want of enterprise that thus discourages the noble sports of the turf is due the disappearance of our faro-bank. The mysterious splendors of its midnight suppers, the supernatural glories of its proprietors' apparel, are alike memories of the past. It is a mournful commentary on our boasted American progress that we should find ourselves fallen from this pitch of enlightenment to the barbarous crudities of "poker" and "set-back euchre;" it is humiliating to reflect that we have thus proved ourselves unable to appreciate the refinements of philosophic speculation. But increase of civilization and the Hon. Mr. Morrissey will, doubtless, soon bring us relief; in the meantime we fall back on our lake, which is surely charming enough to make up for all short-comings. Loveliest of ponds is Schuylers, "deep-bosomed in tufted hills," and dappled with floating acres of white and yellow lilies. There is capital fishing, too, to be had in its crystal waters, which teem with perch and pickerel. I don't dare to say how many pounds a morning's trolling has given the lucky angler. Here is a mild reflection, likewise, of the Saratoga Moon, in the Lake House, kept by an individual who rejoices in the name of Hank Lewis, a generally unkempt appearance, and a reputation (except for fried potatoes) very similar to that of his more fashionable prototype. A mile further down the shore is a less pretentious but quite as famous hostelry, known to the initiated as Van Curen's, where rowing and fishing parties are wont to regale on very palatable beer and very costly lemonade. A third beverage is sometimes served by the aged Hebe of the establishment, which she proudly but mystically designates as "boughten" wine, and which is not exactly nectar. Then, besides Schuylers, which is only a mile from the Springs, we have Otsego Lake at a distance of nine miles of most delightful country. Indeed, in the matter of drives, Saratoga has nothing to compare with us. I wish I could hope to describe to you the charms of this wonderful valley, where Nature seems to have molded herself on Hogarth's line of beauty, where there is scarcely a level acre, but all the landscape curves and swells in sensuous loveliness. But words alone would do scanty justice to its leagues of rolling woodland and billowy meadow, its stately hop-yards and rippling corn-fields, its frame of purple hills melting into the soft, delicious "azure and pearl" of the summer sky, its sinuous Mohawk flashing in many a curve through the green delight—river of poetry and romance. It needs no great stretch of imagination, as one is whirled along its banks, to hear the Huron war-whoop ringing as of yore from yonder thicket or to detect Chin-gach-gook and Deerslayer crouching under the fringing alders. The fancy would be easier if the alders had been less extensively cut down and the river less completely dried up. In fact, the drought in this region has been so long continued and severe that there is very little left of the noble Mohawk, hardly enough to float one of those Mississippi light-draughts which are fabled to navigate in a heavy dew. Just now, therefore, the river is not very satisfactory in point of picturesqueness; it consists principally of shoals, between which a slender stream of water drags along a listless and wearisome existence. Barring this temporary defect, even in spite of it, the landscape is really superb, and well repays the journey from New York, including the fourteen-mile stage-ride from the station in vehicles antique and uncomfortable enough to have been used among the tortures of the Inquisition.

But we do not content ourselves with admiring the view. Other and various pleasures are ours; first of which is, of course, the waters. The whole of Central New York, from Saratoga to Niagara, seems bubbling with these sulphur springs. Amazing curative properties are claimed for all of them by disinterested residents of the favored localities; but from a tolerably close investigation I am satisfied that the springs here are about the best of the lot. My conviction is not based entirely on the opinion of the youth who presides at the sparkling fount; but I am persuaded that water so ineffably nauseous must be very wholesome indeed. From a compendious analysis, which the enterprising proprietor of the American is kind enough to have printed on his cards, I learn that one of its constituents is sulphuretted hydrogen gas. From the very obtrusive manner in which this element asserts its presence, by an odor which the scientific reader may remember is more peculiar than pleasant, I should have imagined it composed at least five-sixths of the water, instead of the 20-6 inches to the gallon which it actually does make. I have sometimes thought I observed a similar anomaly in political constituencies. The odor, in fact, is the most noticeable feature of the Richfield water, and, to describe it as delicately as possible, strongly suggests the perfume of an over-ripe egg. Imagine the heroism which is required to

face a glass of this delightful liquid. Yet somehow most of the people here manage to put themselves outside of fabulous quantities every day, and fancy that they are vastly benefited; a few poor creatures have fallen into the delusion that they like it. It is really quite pitiful to see the victims—young and old, male and female, well-favored and ill-favored, the halt, the blind, and the lame—solemnly marching to the sacrifice. There is first the preliminary shudder and recoil as the full enormity of the odor impresses itself on the olfactory; a compression of the lips, a bracing of the muscles, a hasty gurgle, a spasm, a gasp, a sigh of relief, and half a paper of candies, is the usual process with ladies. Men are not so often observable at the spring; they probably prefer their water adulterated in the bar-room. I have no idea what the taste is like; as a beverage it seems to me flat, stale, and unprofitable, and so I am content to snuff the perfume afar off. That is, I would if it would let me. But it won't; it pursues me everywhere. The whole village is soaked in it. Reminiscences of ovarian decay haunt the hotel corridors, and float into one's room through the fan-light like ghosts of immature chickens; one cannot enjoy one's omelette at the breakfast table without a shiver of horrible suspicion. I don't believe, though, that the water is manufactured, as is said to be the case with Congress Spring.

Most of the drinking is done before breakfast, though there are some dissipated persons of both sexes who persist in tipping all day long. I am happy to say that the indecency is not of frequent occurrence. After breakfast we do a variety of things. We take sulphur baths if we feel like it, which I have not done yet, though they are said by those who have tried them to be pleasant enough; or we play croquet, we bowl, we walk or ride, we go to the Indian encampment and pay the absurd prices for fanciful inutilities in basket-work; or else we row on the lake and explore the windings of romantic creeks creeping languidly under arching boughs; if it rains we solace ourselves with the milder joys of croquet and calumny in the parlor. Everywhere and at all times of course we flirt. Flirtation at a watering-place is a necessity, perhaps even a consequence, of existence. A recent article in *The Round Table* on *Seaside Flirtation* contended that the sea, "mother of loves and hours," is more provocative of the tender passion than the mountains. It may be so, but certainly my observation fails to endorse the theory. Perhaps in both cases the joyous physical life inspired by the free pure air of hill and shore on the one hand, and on the other a certain natural reaction against the restraints of city formality, have much to do with the phenomenon. Something, too, must be charged to moonlight and broad piazzas—bless the man who invented them! Contemplation of the beauties of nature is apt to awaken all one's dormant sentiment, and from that to sentimentality is but a step. At any rate, this is as near an explanation as, with the thermometer over 80°, I feel competent to offer. The fact is sufficiently apparent, and the air is thick with rumors not of battle, but of engagements past, present, and to come. If this crop of tenderness be duly harvested, there should be gladness this winter among purveyors of wedding favors; for watering-place wooing, if successful, generally means, I don't know why, hasty marriage at least, whatever becomes of the leisurely repentance.

In such varied and innocent wise do we pass our days eating lotus and drinking sulphur-water, and the gods are not happier over their nectar and ambrosia than we. Then in the evening we have music, commencing with a faint attempt to be operatic, but speedily gliding into undisguised waltz and galop. Every Saturday night we have a formal hop, which is quite like any other hop, where the gentlemen are just as excruciatingly swallow-tailed and cravatted and the ladies as aggravatingly trilly—where Miss Sm—th is as charming as ever to the eyes of the enraptured Jenkins, and Mrs. J—nes displays the same bewildering magnificence of millinery. Occasionally, too, fate favors us with a circus. There is one here now whose gorgeous posters flame on the neighboring fences with promise of inconceivable equestrianism and acrobatic marvel. And how blest we were the other night in the concert of the Bell Ringers this brief extract from their modest bill may indicate:

"To the already beautiful and inimitable harmony of the Peak Family have been added the soul-stirring music of the Harp, and in the hands of Mr. Whitcomb (a pupil of the great Boscha) the air is filled with a holy cadence which, had it but wings, would wait its enraptured hearers, as it were, to the abode of joy amid the heavenly sounds of angels' voices. Like the zephyr breeze of summer, it carries the heart of the silent listener away among the green fields of Elysian, and raises the most dormant feelings to high and noble impulses, leaving behind the cares of earth to wait itself to heaven."

If that is not fine writing, I should like to know what is. So we dance and dream and make love under the

August sunshine and the August moonlight, and strive to shut out all memory of that great, grimy, sweltering Babel whither we must too soon return. We don't look at the papers, those of us at least who are truly wise; and if we do feel obliged to read the letters of our anxious relatives, we revenge ourselves by consistently declining to answer them. And that reminds me that I am committing a most heinous dereliction of that laudable custom, for which I make the only possible amends by closing at once.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

DEUS HOMO.*

THE title of the book we have before us suggests at once those of two other recent publications—one of which aimed to exhibit the human excellence of Jesus, and the other to assert his divinity—both of which have attracted more than usual attention: *Ecce Homo* and *Ecce Deus*. It usually happens that any present interest in a matter is taken advantage of for further elucidation, and that latent thought culminates into expression under such influence that everywhere surrounds it. No one can imagine that a man identified, as Professor Parsons has been, with the doctrines of Swedenborg, needed the quickening of any such combinations; but we may not be at fault in supposing that the interest in the being of Jesus, which has produced of late years some marked and diversified results, served somewhat to designate a time when a new presentation of the ideas of Christ which animate the New Church might opportunely appear. It has been in no controversial spirit that Prof. Parsons has used the scant intervals between his professional duties to put together, in perhaps the most presentable shape the subject has yet taken, an exposition of the nature and scope of the aims of his church. The antecedent volumes, to which we have referred, are not once mentioned in his text, and his own title he thus accounts for: "Believing (he says) that in Jesus Christ the Divine is Human, that He is God and He is Man, both perfectly, I have given to this book a title which may indicate this belief, while my purpose has been to indicate, as well as I can, my understanding of this central truth, and some of its consequences"—which last clause may be taken to mean a distinct and comprehensive enunciation and illustration of the doctrines of Swedenborg.

Our author naturally accounts for the small progress that the New Church doctrines have made during the hundred years and more that have passed since its formation in heaven and descent to earth, on the ground, so patent to all discoverers whose recognition is delayed, that a probationary neglect is necessary to every great development. Of course there is not an expectant but thinks his case in point, and equally, of course, ninety-nine in a hundred never transcend that convenient obscurity. As Time is the only final proof, and as the greater the development, the slower its triumph, it follows very happily that the longer the delay, the higher the self-estimation it engenders, and the more futile the easy sneer or facile mockery of the lookers-on.

The writings of Swedenborg are dull, as if the New Church were not to conquer by any brilliancy. Now and then somebody has discovered scintillations of wit in them, we believe; but to the outsider they have little attraction. They present something of an anomaly in being poetry used for divination, with scarce an external appanage of the art. If there is that link between the outer and the inner meaning which the science of "correspondence" presupposes, we might hope the text of Swedenborg symbolized the spirit by a system of contraries. In this respect at least his disciple in the book before us sheweth not as his master. As a literary effort, Prof. Parsons's book deserves notice. His exposition is made with a care that has not labored except long and patiently. His illustrations are apt, and his interpretations racy. In style the book is free from all prevalent vices, being clear (the subject may occasionally render this uncertain) and idiomatic. The author "proposes to make a small book about a subject of vast magnitude;" but four hundred and fifty pages, somewhat compactly printed, are quite scope enough to tire the most devoted, unless some relief be experienced from the writer's art.

Of the future of Swedenborgianism Prof. Parsons has, as we have intimated, enthusiastic hopes, not measured wholly by the small progress its views have made since the death of their originator—though he is not without believing that the New Church has made material modifications of the common opinions, if it has not secured

* *Deus Homo—God-Man*. By Theophilus Parsons. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler. 1867.

proselytes. He draws an encouraging analogy from the natural world. Every geological age of the earth has shown that the beings of one epoch have been prefigured by a few individuals of the same character in the ages antecedent. "As the geological ages roll on, these exceptions become more numerous and more complete, until they are the rule and not the exception, and by their number and their strength characterize their age. So a future lies before the hope of mankind—a distant future—in which natural men will cease to be as many as they now are, and spiritual men will be more in number and higher in character than they have been, and the age will be a spiritual age."

Toward this consummation he finds, he thinks, the thought of our day tending. In Spiritualism, as it is taught, he sees an antagonism to the doctrine of the New Church, and would coin the word "subnatural" as expressive of its pretensions, in contradistinction to "supernatural," which Swedenborgians claim must be accepted for an element of belief not to be eliminated by any arrogant finiteness. That something of this kind gives a residuum of fact, after all the deceit and falsehood of Spiritualism are taken away from it, must be taken as only an expression that the hunger for spiritual truths exists in increased power, and only needs the guidance of the proper sort to take the direction foretold in the Apocalypse. In Swedenborg the exceptional character for a minister of this new dispensation was found, with remarkable ability and great and varied culture—a condition that Christianity did not prescribe for its disciples, and which has sometimes produced its sharpest enemies and most troublesome schismatics. The vaster the erudition, however, the more secure the followers of Swedenborg hold their position to be, for the claims of the New Church are transcendent, according to their own profession. There is no department of learning that it does not promise instruction in, not perhaps now, but in some age to come, for the New Church is but in the beginning, and all is understood but imperfectly. So it is not surprising to see our author welcome all manifestations of the alleged antagonism of the Biblical record and the disclosures of science. The greater the divergences, the more marked the reconciliation which is to come when the writings of the Seer receive the unravelment they are destined to have, and the Scriptures are read anew in the increased light of them.

The perfected science of correspondence is to do all this. Swedenborg was specifically adapted to receive this revelation; but he was human, nevertheless. He claimed no inspiration, nor his disciples for him, in the sense that the Evangelists were inspired. He was liable to error, and suffered the limitations of his own intellect. Time and a better understanding are to perfect what he designated, and fit man for the truth. That symbolism can reconcile the word of the Bible and the teachings of science is certainly, to-day the received opinion. It is the New Church which claims that this symbolism can be reduced to a method, and asserts that if the natural sense is only sometimes true, the spiritual sense is always so. When we are told that Egypt means truths, or the learning of them; Asher, the reasoning faculties; Judea, wisdom; Herod, Judaism; water, spiritual truth, etc., we may be startled at so positive a correspondence, and very well ask ourselves if the figurative style of the Bible does not carry with it, like true poetry, its own interpretation to the predisposed mind? Much stress is put upon the argument drawn from philology, that all words had a sensuous meaning first, and then metaphorically took higher ideas, and Max Müller asserts that the primitive races had a tendency to these analogies which is now unknown, and that systems of olden mythology are doubtless founded upon it. This is the argument of the greater poetic susceptibility of the untutored ages; and strange enough it is that, by a state of culture unrequited of any other sect, and through a mediator far more erudite than the founder of any other sect, this language, having the characteristics of the earliest periods, can be best comprehended, according to the claims of the New Church. And yet it is not strange, if we seek a parallel in the fact that it is usually in the ages of the highest culture that the earliest poetry of a tongue becomes invested with the greatest interest for the speakers of that tongue.

We have said that Swedenborg was a dull writer, and that his disciple had written a book that was not dull. Swedenborg's mission was the interpretation of symbols—a work for the imagination—not an unusual field of dulness. Agassiz calls the imagination the keenest detective of truth, and eminent savans like Brewster and Tyndall have named it the greatest help in the highest explorations of science. Swedenborgians account the subjection of the imagination which teaches the correspondence of symbolism a science. It is a

science which claims, at the same time, an exactness hardly surpassed by the least imaginative of sciences. Demonstration that admits so little of variation has always something ungracious about it when the natural sinuosities of thought become rigid with precision. Whatever is positive and dogmatic requires certain amenities of mental action, or it tires; and in *Deus Homo* the fair gift of adaptation, and the draping with a kind of graceful indistinctness of whatever is repellent to the uninitiated, serve to make it a book that may become the medium of the New Church's communion with the old.

AVERY GLIBUN.*

SURPRISE will soon become the predominant impression of any one who approaches this romance with preconceptions formed either from its author's "war correspondence" or from the delusive suggestions he leaves the public at liberty to find in its title. And the surprise will accumulate as the reader goes on, for no fox ever showed more artful dexterity than the narrator in concealing his real track and its aim, and sending his pursuers off on false scents, inasmuch that the best-trained novel-reader will find himself at fault at every turn, as if he were but a neophyte. Even as the artist's hand begins to gather up his many and many-colored threads, their convergence gives us little clue how they are to combine, and it is not until the fabric is nearly complete and there is poured upon it a broad flood of light, showing that what seemed obscurity was in fact a carefully disposed half-light, that we realize the skill of the workmanship. Not until we are ready to close the book do we discern the simple propriety of the alternative title which has contributed to the general delusion, by keeping us on the alert to discern a significance which we intuitively assume to be metaphorical.

Broad burlesque, with an infusion of satire, abounding mirthfulness, a presence as of Lieutenant William Brown and Captain Bob Shorty, and a hero sufficiently remarkable in some wise to justify his extraordinary appellation—these are what most readers will be likely to look for, and will look for in vain. When the first few chapters shall have convinced them of their error and given time to replace the theory by another, they will expect a Le Sage, Smollett, or Marryatt-like story, in which the hero serves merely as a connecting link between scenes vivid and amusing enough, but with little unity or purpose to contribute to an epopee. With the adoption of this solution will come an effort to associate the tale with *David Copperfield*, which will infallibly be suggested by the Dickens-like cook, Mrs. Fry, and her minion, Sirrah, the "base catfish;" while in some of our earlier meetings with Mr. Stiles, that vivacious gentleman no less forcibly reminds us of Mr. Richard Swiveller, and the discrepancy between the family and the company manners of Misses Carrie and Meta Hyer recalls the passages of love and at arms of Misses Cherry and Merry Pecksniff. Each of these resemblances, however, the reader will be forced to drop in turn, and constrain himself to take patiently what the wisdom of the author shall provide. It may be as a part of what the dedication terms "this experimental combination of the old and new schools of fiction," that we thus often encounter what at first seem irrelevant digressions. In fact, some of them might have been retrenched to the relief of a stage crowded with perplexingly numerous *dramatis personæ*. Yet most of them prove to be essential members of the sequence of events they seem to interrupt, and there is none which does not contribute to that social survey of New York, after the manner of the old school, which is as faithfully elaborated as the more modern complexities of plot. They serve, moreover, to blind us to much that we must not prematurely discern. They lead us to the temporarily satisfactory establishment of seeming identities which divert us from the discovery of the real ones. Without them the book would be shorn, we will not say of all in it that many a clever man might not have written, but of what makes it a book *sui generis*, the amalgamation of a greater diversity of elements than we have ever before known to be successfully combined in a work of fiction. Deletion might have gratified people who read simply for intellectual excitement, but it must have sacrificed studies of a dozen sociological phenomena, equal portrayal of any one of which would establish—as, indeed, such piecemeal work, by no more skillful hands, has more than once done—the reputation of the author as *facile princeps* among American social satirists.

We should do the novel no service, even if its plot were one that admitted of condensed statement, by sketching it in outline. We have, moreover, no disposition either to afford any countenance to a neglect to read

a story of its rare merit, or, in the case of readers, of frustrating the skilful preservation of their doubts and mystification. We shall indicate as much of its character as we have any intention to do by saying that, with all the highly-wrought interest of sensational fiction, yet with a delicacy that remains unsullied by associations an inferior writer would have avoided as the only means of preserving the purity of his pages, the story leads us through a diversity of scenes which the keen observation and educated eye of the artist alone could put before us—the follies of the *nouveaux riches*, of the shop-keeping and political aristocracy of New York; the penetralia of Bohemia, of the Albany lobby and the Five Points, of the theatres and newspaper offices and gambling-hells of the city; the parlors of refinement and wealth, and of rich vulgarity; vice in purple and fine linen about the green cloth, and vice in squalor and nakedness in the groceries of Cow Bay; knavery of high and low degree—a phantasmagoric view of metropolitan life, with such resources of the incongruous, grotesque, and pitiful, of hilarity and tenderness, as even Mr. Dickens has not more strikingly merged. And it is difficult to determine wherein the author's power is greatest.

His constructive skill, his dramatic effect, his satirical insight, his fervid descriptions of scenes of grandeur and of horror, his humor, wit, pathos, the depths of passion, of sympathy, even of tenderness—the combination of these attests a more universal genius, a larger nature, than we supposed was to be found among American novelists. Much of it, while thoroughly original, recalls, like characters to which we have already referred, passages in the earlier novels of Dickens,—the scenes in low life, the hero's school-days, his adventures with the gypsies and his vicissitudes on returning to New York, the counterfeiter's den at Milton (Milburn?), the inscrutable complications in which he finds himself involved. Above all, his expositions of the manners and customs of our "ruling classes" are as salient as those by the English humorist of the Circumlocution Office. This phase of the book will do more to expose to the public perception the absurdities about the *vox populi* than hundreds of argumentative treatises or scores of elaborate exposures by *The North American Review*; and it is from it that we transcribe one of the dozen or more passages which tempt us to quote them as samples of the full flavor whereof one taste conveys no idea. The scene is the parlor of a gentleman of great political "influence," who is waited upon by a deputation of what sort hereby appears:

"Stooping to the open piano-forte, and dabbing at its keys with a merciless forefinger, was an individual dressed entirely in blue flannel, with pantaloons tucked into his boots and a cigar in his mouth. Another gentleman, with steel spectacles on his nose, and edges of red flannel showing at his neck and wrists, was intently admiring himself in the pier-glass, the while he rested a heavy boot on the slender marble shelf below it. On the satin-covered rosewood sofa sat a fat personage with his linen coat across his arm, removing one of his spacious shoes to discover what it was that hurt his foot. Alternately rubbing a huge hand heavily over a valuable oil-painting near a window, and looking to see if anything came off by the operation, stood an impressive figure in a velvet cap and grey muffler, neither of which did the owner seem to think of removing. Two other gentlemen, in blue overalls and linen coats, were closely examining the cards in the marble receiver, on the table by the sofa, as though anxious to discover how many of their fashionable intimate friends had called that day; and they completed the brilliant company.

"A cold perspiration came out upon the shining brow of General Cringer as he flashed upon him that the invasion of his home by such a remarkable collection of beings must have vastly astonished all his respectable neighbors; but what words shall describe his cold bath when the gentleman at the piano turned to meet him, and cried,

"Fellers! three cheers for General Cringer!"

"Where is the language to give the faintest idea of his inexpressible horror when those cheers were actually given—awaking an echo from a gathering crowd outside the windows, and causing a nervous policeman on the sidewalk to rap with his club for reinforcements?"

"Mr. Waters," said the general, recognizing his musical friend and striving to appear benignantly gratified with his reception, "I am happy to see you, sir; and your friends—?"

"Oh, that's Toplighths," said Mr. Waters, pointing to him of the spectacles; "and Lively Jim, over on that ere sofa; and the deapest cuss you ever see, over by the picture, with the velvet cap; and them fellers at the cards."

"The great man bowed to his guests, respectively, as they were thus admirably commended to his friendship, and remarked, patriarchally—

"Happy to see you all, gentlemen, under my roof. May I ask, gentlemen, wherein it lies in my power, as an humble private citizen of the republic, to facilitate your wishes?"

"Take the pipe, Hossey, and play away," murmured Mr. Toplighths in the chaste, metaphorical language of his native fire department.

"Well, then, general," said Mr. Waters, taking a saddle seat on the piano-stool, and resting his cigar on the music desk, "can we fellers depend on you as a member of the regular, straight-out Demolition party?"

"General Cringer, who had also taken a seat, rubbed his hands softly within one another, and answered, emphatically:

"Most assuredly, Mr. Waters and gentlemen; most assuredly." Mr. Toplighths had for the past minute been taking peanuts from one of his largest pilot-cloth pockets, throwing the shells upon the carpet; but at this question he suddenly stopped his cranking and directed the lambent fire of his green spectacles upon the gentleman of the house.

"The last time I heard of you, general," said he, with great severity of tone, "you was a red-hot Ebullitionist."

"Ah, but that was a week ago, my friend," insinuated the general, with a glance of mild reproach. "You must remember, gentlemen, that my polar star is Principle, not Party; that my compass, as an humble private citizen of the republic, is the Constitution—the Constitution of Thomas Jefferson and of Andrew Jackson."

"Thereupon the gentleman on the sofa, who had just got his stocking off, stamped agonizing applause with his disengaged foot, and emitted that ear piercing whistle with which the more tasteful patrons of the Bowery theatres are wont to give piquancy to their acclamations.

"That being on the sqaue," went on Mr. Waters, "there's no use of coughin' about it any more. We chaps are the Finance Committee of the O'Murphy Guard Target Company and expect to turn out a hundred voters next week—I mean a hundred muskets—when we go up to Red House to shoot. We're named in honor of Mealy O'Murphy, Demolition Candidate of the sixty-sixth district for Congress, and we want to know what kind of a prize he's likely to give us."

"General Cringer tapped his forehead with his fingers in his most statesmanlike manner, and responded thoughtfully: "Well, truly, Mr. Waters and gentlemen, I am not banker to my excellent, honest old friend, Mealy O'Murphy, and I do not know just what his resources may be; but I should say that he would be willing to contribute a check for—say two hundred and fifty to encourage good marksmanship. If my friend Mealy O'Murphy has a positive passion," said General Cringer glowingly, "it is for good marksmanship."

"Here the speechless being in velvet cap and gray muffler, who had been introduced definitely as 'the d-eapest cuss,' suddenly ceased his experiments upon the painting, and began moving quite briskly about the room, with eyes downcast, as though in eager search of some valuable article lost upon the floor. He looked under the sofa, the table, and all the chairs, paused a moment over the music-stand, as if in some doubt about it, and finally looked full at Mr. Waters.

"He's lookin' for your said box," observed the latter to the bewildered General Cringer, "don't you keep none in the shanty?"

"The celebrated man understood the question, and regretted to say that the luxurious article desired was not numbered with his furniture.

"Spit out of the window, then, you deapest cuss," said Mr. Waters; and the 'cuss' proceeded promptly to do so, to the inexpressible indignation of a butcher having his boots blacked on the sidewalk.

"Two hundred and fifty will be the scrumptious thing," pursued the same speaker, reverting to the original topic and rising to his feet. "Now, let's vomose the ranch, fellers."

"Not that instant, though; for the occupant of the sofa, after hastily resuming his stocking and shoe, had these remarkable and cabalistic words to utter:

"How much for Macginnis?"

"Every movement was stopped at the sound, and even the two fashionables at the card-receiver suspended their attempts to loosen the marble birds from that Ital an ornament.

"Considering that my friend Macginnis is a fellow-countryman of my friend Mealy O'Murphy," answered General Cringer, obligingly, "I should say that he might expect something handsome to compensate for half a day's free gift of wholesome beer to the deserving poor. Say about seventy-five."

"The sofa-man sat down again expressly for the purpose of sounding approval with his feet; and not only wore a hole in the carpet, but also repeated his dramatic whistle with renewed effect.

"The general, in the fulness of his benignity, had to accompany his worthy friends to the street door, where the cold perspiration was again called to his martyred brow by the irrepressible enthusiasm of the O'Murphy Guard. No sooner were these social gentlemen upon the stoop than they broke into three hideous cheers for General Cringer, followed by three for Mealy O'Murphy, followed by three for the Demolition party; and, as quite a mob was present in the street to join in their cries, the effect upon a quiet neighborhood was unique and exasperating."

From some of the Bohemian scenes might be produced examples more illustrative of the felicitous turns of expression, the epigrammatic wit and repartee, and the detailed elaboration of each incident, which are all made to contribute to the general effect. Especially fertile in this manner is the Nestor of the Bohemians, Mr. Hardley Church, who alludes to a fanatical Ezekiel Reed as "the braised Reed" with "a methodism in his madness;" but who sometimes degenerates, as thus, in response to the assertion,

"It's time for the people to act, when that sort of thing I ventured!"

"Mob law wouldn't be much improvement," said Church. "I don't believe in the virtue of mobsmen. Give them an inch and they'll take an L—they'll lynch."

"Oh-h-h—what a pun!" groaned the whole company."

Equally venerable is the anecdote (p.26) of a young Miss Constance finding a pencil in school and innocently occasioning punishment to the young gentleman who stores it to the teacher with the remark "Cox found it." Similarly may we enter a protest against the long description of a "yellow dinner" party that forcibly introduces the suggestion that guests might "yell 'oh!'" at the sight, or the entitling a chapter on a wholesale dry-goods house *The Temple of Bale*, and another on an unfortunate love episode *The Course of True Love*. We believe, however, this completes the catalogue to which exception need be taken. But what we must consider an all-pervading blemish is the author's inordinate fondness for the clumsy and antiquated device of onomatopoeia, which is pre-eminently one of the characteristics of the old school of fiction that can most advantageously be permitted to lapse into desuetude. Thus, a half-starved clerk in the "Temple of Bale" is Job Terky, and the proprietors of that establishment are Cummin & Tryon; the eminent merchant to whom they serve as a foil is, with a special significance, Avery Goodman, his firm style A. Goodman & Co., and his partner, like Mark Tapley, is Mr. Cox; the link which bridges over the chasm between him and the mushroom aristocracy is Mr. Charles Spanyel, a thriving employee of the firm, who

* *Avery Glibun*; or, *Between Two Fires*; A Romance. By Orpheus C. Kerr. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.

gives marvellous entertainments to as marvellous guests at his suburban villa at Todeville—a name whose usual pronunciation he invariably corrects with an “I beg your pardon, sir,—Toe-der-veal”—who is a delightful specimen of the tuft-hunter, and is at great pains to establish his family arms and prove that his ancestors “undoubtedly came over with” King Charles (see p. 129), a circumstance by which Mr. Benton Stiles—the wreck of a former top sawyer, “a man of ton, and a legitimate favorite, sir, of the Fashion Course,” who still laps familiarity with every “tip-top fashionable character”—is impelled in wooing Miss Rose Spangely to “become a Rose of Sharon by sharin’ my hand and heart,” to represent to her he is an American “by birth only; and I’m ready to live with your father until his example makes me a regular King Charles Spangely.” So among the Bohemians we have such names as Drinkard, Acton Wild, Iona Hart—a lady chiefly remarkable in that her womanly feelings have survived questionable associations—and Maggie Dalen, a theatrical soiled dove, who is ultimately termed, as was apparent from the first, Mag. Dalen. That we have no graver charge against our author’s taste than his fondness for a conceit which after all has perhaps become offensive rather by its misuse in the hands of bunglers than by such apt employment as it receives from “Orpheus C. Kerr,” may be not the least of the strong encomiums we are disposed to award his book. But a small part of its readers probably will be able to connect with their originals the characters which are understood to be portraits of more or less notorious public personages; whether they are recognized—as some, at least, of them must be—or whether they are taken simply as typical delineations, they must still so strongly impress us with the penetrating satire insight of their creator that we have not paused upon this very striking feature.

Avery Glibun shows resources of humor and invention which we hope Mr. Newell—if we may be pardoned for disregarding the familiar mask that long ago ceased to conceal—will employ in producing other works, which we may expect to show the fruits of the experience gained in this, although it bears constant witness to the long and conscientious labor we hear its author bestowed upon it, and enables us to speak of it in terms of stronger eulogy than we often have the fortune to be able to do of a *coup d’essai*. By way of contrast with the brilliant execution of the ambitious scheme, through which we should not have believed that any known American author could sustain himself, we may transcribe the preface, reassuring in its modest, self-contained confidence:

“*Avery Glibun* being my first essay in sustained fiction, it seems remarkably prudent to say no more about it.”

Such a novel deserves a better dress than the unpleasant pamphlet in which we find it.

LIBRARY TABLE.

A COMPLETE MANUAL of English Literature. By Thomas B. Shaw, M.A. Edited, with notes and illustrations, by William Smith, LL.D. With a Sketch of American Literature, by Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1867.—Though issued apparently as a text-book, this work, if read in course, presupposes a familiarity with English writers such as no young person could have; and if used as a guide to the study of our literature, it largely exceeds the capacity of the most ambitious university course. But as an exhaustive survey of English literature we can conceive nothing more admirable than this wonderfully learned and comprehensive book. Its scope and plan of execution differ so greatly from Hallam’s *Literature of Europe* that a comparison is scarcely to be instituted between them. Hallam, on the one side, treats of the literature of all Europe during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; our present authors, confining themselves to that of England, follow it from its earliest manifestations to the works of the most recent authors not living at the time the book was completed (1864), thus adding the important epoch from the time of Swift and Fielding to that of Macaulay and Thackeray to those treated of by Hallam. Moreover, using a space about equal to half that employed by Hallam for his tenfold larger task, Mr. Shaw’s work, with Dr. Smith’s additions, has a completeness that leaves unmentioned scarcely an author of any recognized position, while to the masters it devotes a space entirely out of the question for Hallam. Indeed, we are at a loss whether to admire most the skill that condenses so much into a single volume, enlarging without stint upon the writings and character of the greater authors, while slighting none of inferior rank, and omitting not even in the case of the comparatively obscure such mention as justly defines their position and works; or the admirable discrimination and profound learning that ranges through every department of literature and exhibits thorough knowledge and appreciation alike of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, and Newton; Chaucer, Shakespeare, Jonson, Spenser, and Milton; Addison, Scott,

Macaulay, Thackeray, Charles Lamb, and De Quincey. When there is added to this a rare felicity in selecting the really salient points, a fairness and catholicity of taste that rarely fail, a style equally destitute of prettiness and of formality but singularly terse, clear, and exact, the result is not merely an invaluable book of reference, but one which may be read through, as it has been by us, with unflagging interest and constant instruction. It is needless to say that it has faults—faults inevitable in a work made up of such an infinity of details, and which can only disappear under multiplied editorial revisions. There are other points which no single judgement, perhaps, is justified in pronouncing faults. We think, for instance, that Pope is overrated and Swift treated with too immoderate severity. But there can be no doubt with regard to the entire omission of such names as those of Colley Cibber and Harris Barham (Ingoldby); to the degradation to the notes—devoted to minor or obscure writers—of Hood or Mrs. Browning; or that in this inglorious region Hazlitt should be fobbed off with little more than a dozen lines and Charlotte Brontë with half-a-dozen, her sisters being unmentioned, while authors greatly their inferiors are awarded the dignity of large print in the body of the book. A more important blemish is a bibliographical deficiency which leaves us ignorant where to look for full memoirs of men of whom we read, although memoirs are always mentioned among the works of their authors, and might easily be briefly mentioned in connection with their subjects; this is a matter worth remedying in future editions. Mr. Tuckerman’s chapters are of little account, being either singularly crude and hurried productions or adaptations of essays which, in their own way, may have been good. As it is, they are so far below the level of the rest of the book as to appear contemptible by contrast. Mr. Tuckerman can do much better than this, but Mr. Whipple is probably the person who could have done it best.

I. Elements of Medical Chemistry. By B. Howard Rand, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in Jefferson Medical College. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell & Co. 1867.—**II. A Class-Book of Chemistry.** By Edward L. Youmans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—**III. The Cambridge Course of Elementary Physics. Part First.** By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillet. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. 1868.—**IV. The Chemical News** (monthly reprint). New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams.—In the preface to his little volume Prof. Rand states that it “is intended chiefly for the use of students of medicine during their attendance upon lectures; it is believed that it will also be found of service to the practitioner.” We are very sure that it will prove useful both to students and physicians. The definitions are clear and concise and the matter is excellent as far as it goes. We are at a loss, however, to determine why the word “medical” was used in the title, for certainly there is nothing medical in the contents except the therapeutical remarks, which we think it would have been better to have omitted. The subject of animal chemistry is scarcely touched upon, and no definitions are given for the analysis of the various solids and fluids of the body beyond a few meagre tests for a few abnormal products. Prof. Rand is well known as an accomplished physician and chemist, and his lectures, we are told, are admirable both in form and substance. We hope, therefore, that he will yet give us a text-book of medical chemistry which in every respect will rival those excellent treatises which have been produced in France and Germany. As ordinarily taught in our medical schools, we fail to see why chemistry is a more desirable acquisition for the student of medicine than natural history, geology, or a knowledge of calculus.

Most students of chemistry are familiar with Dr. Youmans’s *Class-Book of Chemistry* of some twelve years ago. This has been rewritten and reillustrated to embody the facts and principles evolved by the more recent labors of the philosophers. In accordance with this plan, the work affords a clear exposition of the new theory of heat, the doctrine of the conservation of force, and the theory and use of the spectroscope. The “old nomenclature” is adhered to throughout the book. The defects in this work are the lack of prominence to the laws of combination and the entire absence of symbolic expression of the leading “reactions,” from which latter omission a semi-scientific look is given to the volume. The author’s enthusiasm in science is well known even to those who have never heard or read his excellent lectures on the *Chemistry of the Sunbeam*, and the style of the present work is well calculated to impart much of the author’s interest to the learner.

The Cambridge Course of Elementary Physics is one of a series of text-books on a new plan. The first part, which is the present book, is devoted to cohesion, adhesion, chemical affinity, and electricity; the second is to include sound, light, and heat; the third, which will be the second in order of issue, is to be devoted to gravity and astronomy; and a supplementary work on elementary mechanics is mentioned as a possibility. The preface of the present work assures us that “each part will be complete in itself, and of course they can be used in

any order.” The authors hasten to inform the reader at the outset that “no attempt has been made to write text-books for ‘schools and colleges,’ to which we may add—and of any design to interest the general reader, the public will accept the plea of ‘not guilty.’” If, by accident, “schools and colleges” should adopt and use these works “in any order,” it seems certain that the most pressing subsequent want of their students will be a treatise on elementary chemistry. The one before us makes no reference to the properties of the great majority of the elements, their discovery, their range of affinities, for the reason that “the authors”—preface again—“have not sought to make these books encyclopedias of facts.” Possibly this lack of effort has led in the present work; bearing date (publisher’s) 1868, to the statement that Geissler’s tubes are “so called from the inventor, who alone knows the secret of their manufacture” (page 247), whereas they are manufactured within half-a-dozen miles of Cambridge. On the other hand, it contains much that is invaluable to the teacher of chemistry, and which just now is contained in no other text-book—a clear, concise statement of the leading principles of chemical combinations, with problems for practice. In electricity also the present state of our knowledge is clearly set forth, with the best descriptions yet given of electrical clocks, Wilde’s light, etc.; but, as intimated above, the science is stripped of every fact which can interest the tyro or raise the enthusiasm of the scientific reader. To the instructor in physical science, we would say that the chemical affinity of this work contains just the material whose absence from most chemistries is so often regretted and—little else. It contains just that which is omitted in Dr. Youmans’s treatise, and the two supplement each other thoroughly. Its style the book is dry, technical, accurate, pedantic, and Bostonian.

The Chemical News is an American reprint of the well-known London weekly of the same title. It is published here by Townsend & Adams in monthly parts, and in mechanical execution is the *fac-simile* of the English paper. It is the best exponent of progressive scientific labor, in theoretical or practical fields, and is at present especially interesting by reason of the discussions over the improved chemical nomenclature, and the light thus thrown upon the peculiar individual views of such philosophers as Brodie, Frankland, and Williamson.

Elements of Geology. By Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. 1861.—The chief merit of Lyell’s *Elements of Geology* lies in the clear and attractive style in which the principles of dynamic geology are set forth. The author is the well-known scientific traveller, whose journeys in Europe and America have furnished so much material for modern text-books. We believe he was the first writer who referred geological changes to causes now in operation; but the work now before us was written so long ago (in 1838) that the numerous later discoveries tending to establish the theory are, of course, wanting in the book. The glacier theory, the geographical distribution of the formations, the modern system of classification—all of which are important in our present text-books—are wanting in this. But in its lucid exposition of the action of geological agencies it has no equal among our school-books.

I. The Most Material Parts of Blackstone’s Commentaries, reduced to Questions and Answers. By John C. Devereux, Counsellor-at-Law. Upon the plan and in place of Kinne’s *Blackstone*. New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. 1866.—**II. The Most Material Part of Kent’s Commentaries, reduced to Questions and Answers.** By the same. The same.—**III. A Law Dictionary and Glossary, etc., etc. Compiled on the Basis of Spelman’s Glossary and adapted to the Jurisprudence of the United States.** By Alexander M. Burrill, Counsellor-at-Law. The same. Two vols. 1867.—**IV. The Law Glossary.** By Thomas Tayler. Seventh edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. By a Member of the New York Bar. The same. 1866.—**V. Introduction to the Study of International Law, designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies.** By Theodore D. Woolsey, President of Yale College. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.—**VI. The Science of Government.** By Wm. L. Alden, D.D. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1866.—**VII. The Young Citizen’s Manual.** The same.—Devereux’s *Kinne’s Blackstone* and Devereux’s *Kinne’s Kent* are two valuable works constructed upon the same principle. This consists in devising a pertinent and comprehensive series of questions, suitably classified under distinctive headings, and which are answered by the text of *Blackstone* and *Kent*, respectively, in such a manner as to include a large portion of their commentaries. For the student these works will serve a sterling purpose, simplifying and classifying the thoughts of the great jurists in a manner at once useful and attractive. For the general library, for purposes of reference, they will also prove desirable. We believe that, with the exception of *Kinne’s* treatises, published in New York some years ago, no such attempts as these have hitherto been made. Mr. Devereux tells us that it was first pro-

posed to revise and republish Kinne's production, but on consideration it was determined to rewrite the whole and furnish a new work, embracing much additional matter, with the main feature—the method by questions and answers—fully preserved. The works, then, as presented constitute what may be termed independent catechisms, i.e., forms of instruction by means of questions and answers, in the principles of the common and statute laws of England and the United States, as expounded in the commentaries of Blackstone and of Kent. There are peculiar advantages about this system which are sufficiently obvious; it therefore only remains to say that it has been applied by Mr. Devereux with commendable tact, industry, and precision. Any department can be instantly found, and any intelligent person, however unlearned in the law, may thus put himself at once in possession of important legal information couched in forms of elaborate conciseness and simplicity. These volumes are worthy of extended acceptance by students, by the profession, and by the public at large.

Mr. Burrill's laborious and admirable dictionary is now offered by the enterprising publishers at a price which, considering its unequalled merits and great cost of production, is remarkably cheap. The work is pronounced by able judges the most complete and valuable law dictionary that has yet appeared in the English language; as such it assumes a standard rank and fills a niche which is accorded to no other. While it is avowedly compiled on the basis of Spelman's *Glossary*, its scope and variety are far greater than those of the latter work, and its copious definitions, translations, and explanations, embracing various languages, including ancient as well as modern reports and covering all extant maxims of common and civil law, are supplemented by copious illustrations, critical and historical. The dictionary, being adapted to the jurisprudence of the United States, would have a practical utility beyond that of English works, apart from its other merits; but the latter are sufficient to gain it precedence even independently of that important consideration. The work is indispensable to students as well as practitioners, and is, furthermore, one of those law-books which will be found of great service in the mercantile counting-room.

Taylor's *Law Glossary* is a less full, partly because a less voluminous, production of similar aim. Its hold upon the confidence of the profession is indicated by its having passed through several editions. Without taking so broad a range as the dictionary of Mr. Burrill it has acknowledged merits of its own. Since 1833 it has been in constant use in law libraries, and for those who prefer a compact, terse, and portable treatise it will probably long continue to maintain its worthily-acquired popularity.

The first edition of President Woolsey's *Introduction to the Study of International Law* appeared in 1860, and its speedy exhaustion justifies the remark of the author, in his preface to the new edition, that a want has been met, if not satisfied, by it. The appreciative critic may go further and say that the want has been most ably and conscientiously supplied. An elementary treatise on this important subject has long been needed. The apprehension, so common without the legal profession, of its recondite and difficult character has kept many in ignorance of a branch which should be much more generally understood. It must be admitted, too, that the clumsy and unscientific methods of many writers, from Grotius downward, has gone far to justify this prejudice. The praises of Mackintosh were fair enough as extended to the laborious thinker who first reduced the law of nations to a system; at the present stage of progress they would be misapplied. The place which is filled by the volume before us was vacant before its appearance, since it was designed "not for lawyers nor for those who have the profession of law in view, but for young men who are cultivating themselves by the study of historical and political science." For such a purpose it is excellently adapted and furnishes a trustworthy introduction to the heavier dissertations of Wheaton and others for such as intend to pursue the study. The book is not one of those superficial essays which, professing to make hard things easy, tend to increase the abundant supply of concealed smatterers, but a masterly treatise, covering an extensive ground in a perspicuous and thorough manner; as such it deserves to be pronounced a solid and welcome contribution to our national literature.

We have before taken occasion to review Dr. Alden's excellent treatise called *The Science of Government*. Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have now published, from the same hand, *The Young Citizen's Manual*, which is a text-book on government for common schools. The author has demonstrated his capacity to produce a judicious and instructive text-book on this important and often much neglected subject, and the little volume before us justifies expectation. It goes over very much the same ground as its more important predecessor and is capably adapted to the purpose in view. The young of both sexes should be provided with this manual; it gives in language guardedly clear and concise information which all should have and none can now with decency be without.

Essay Concerning the Human Understanding. By John

Locke. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. 1867.—Few of the world's philosophers have done more to influence and direct the course of metaphysical opinion than John Locke, the great and good man who, with an innate sense of religion, was the unqualified assertor of freedom, and who, if we consider his genius, penetration, and exact judgement, has scarcely any superiors and but few equals. In all the important questions which agitated men's minds during the eventful period at which he lived he took the deepest interest, and his devoted love of truth and unshackled enquiry led him to weigh thoroughly and consider maturely the practical results of important measures, and to arrive at prudent and just conclusions on religious and political subjects, while to the constant habit of employing his mind in metaphysical and logical researches, to his power of bringing abstract topics within the range of general apprehension, and to his patient sagacity we owe the works which have immortalized his name. Reed says that he "gave the first example in the English language of writing on abstract subjects with simplicity and perspicuity." In 1670 Locke planned the *Essay*, but his anxiety to correct and perfect it was so great that, although he permitted Le Clerc to translate and publish his abstract of it, he withheld the entire work from the public for upwards of eighteen years, when, in spite of immense opposition, its success was so great that it went through six editions within fourteen years, in times when, as Lewes says, "books sold more slowly than they do now." To use the words of Sir James Mackintosh:

"Few books have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of enquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding."

It is evident from the works of Locke, and from the memorials he has left, that his understanding was alike fitted for speculation or practice; that his life was passed in promoting the general improvement of mankind, and that his character was as pure and exalted as his talents were great and useful.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, London and New York.—The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell, Esq. Illustrated by Julian Portch. Pp. xvi, 526. 1867.
Among the Squirrels. By Mrs. Denison. Illustrated by Ernest Griest. Pp. iv, 327. 1868.
Robinson Crusoe in Words of One Syllable. By Mary Goldolphin. Illustrated. Pp. 161. 1868.
Routledge's Hand-Book of Fishing. Illustrated. Pp. iv, 59. 1867.
HURST & BLACKETT, London, England.—The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada. By Major W. Ross King, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.S. Illustrated with colored plates and wood-cuts. Pp. xv, 334. 1866. (New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.)
A. STRAHAN & Co., Ludgate Hill, London.—Lives of Indian Officers. By John William Kaye. In 2 vols. Vol. I., pp. xv, 489; Vol. II., pp. 502. 1867. (New York: the same.)
The Diamond Rose: a Life of Love and Duty. By Sarah Tytler. Pp. vi, 402. 1867. (The same.)
God's Glory in the Heavens. By William Leitch, D.D. Third edition. Pp. viii, 300. 1867. (The same.)
S. W. PARTRIDGE, London.—Our Dumb Companions. Third edition. By Thomas Jackson, M.A. Pp. vi, 134. (The same.)
Animal Sagacity. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Pp. vi, 134. (The same.)
Our Children's Pets. By Josephine. Illustrated. Pp. viii, 160. (The same.)
Ellerelle House. A Book for Boys. By Emma Leslie. Pp. vii, 216. (The same.)
A Golden Year, and Its Lessons of Labor. By the author of Marion Falconer. Second edition. Pp. viii, 230. (The same.)
Three Opportunities; or, The Story of Henry Forrester. Pp. iv, 230. (The same.)
The Brewer's Family. By Mrs. Ellis. Pp. iv, 176. (The same.)
Peter Bedford, the Spitalfields Philanthropist. By William Tallack. Pp. 147. 1865. (The same.)
Thomas Shillito, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By the same. Pp. xii, 161. 1867. (The same.)
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote. Pp. 161. 1867.
Home Life: a Journal. By Elizabeth M. Sewell. Pp. 405. 1867.
The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson. By Richard Doyle. Pp. 80.
The Principles of Biology. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. II. Pp. viii, 599. 1867.
The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures. By T. F. Curtis, D.D. Pp. 349. 1867.
The Physiology of Man. By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D. Pp. 556. 1867.
T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Philadelphia.—An Essay Concerning the Human Understanding, and a Treatise on the Conduct of the Understanding. By John Locke, Gent. Pp. 524.
Kay's Infant and Primary School Reader and Definer, No. 1. Illustrated. Pp. 94. No. 2.
Words of One Syllable Only. Illustrated. Pp. 142. No. 3.
Words of One and Two Syllables. Illustrated. Pp. 191. 1864.
An Abridgement of Lectures on Rhetoric. By Hugh Blair, D.D. New edition. With appropriate questions to each chapter. By a teacher of Philadelphia. Pp. 230. 1861.
Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-lettres. By Hugh Blair, D.D., F.R.S. With a memoir of the author's life by Abraham Mills. Pp. vii, 557. 1867.
The American Orator's Own Book. Pp. xv, 279. 1861.
Elements of Medical Chemistry. By B. Howard Rand, M.D. Pp. xiv, 399. 1867.
Elements of Geology. By Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Pp. xi, 316. 1861.
Progressive French Grammar and Exercises. By A. G. Collet. Pp. xiv, 227.

- Progressive French Dialogues and Phrases. By the same. Pp. 226. 1863.
Progressive Interlinear French Reader. By the same. Pp. xx, 292. 1862.
Progressive Pronouncing French Reader. By the same. Pp. xix, 288.
Progressive French Anecdotes and Questions. By the same. Pp. 233. 1862.
CROSBY & AINSWORTH, Boston; O. S. FELT, New York.—Preparatory Latin Prose-Book. By J. H. Hanson, A.M. Nineteenth edition. Pp. xxii, 881. 1867.
Selections from Ovid and Virgil. By J. H. Hanson and W. J. Rolfe. Pp. iv, 648. 1867.
A French Grammar. By Edward H. Magill, A.M. Fourth edition. Pp. 287. 1867.
A Key to the Exercises in the Author's French Grammar. By the same. Pp. 48. 1867.
An Introductory French Reader. By the same. Pp. vi, 451. 1867.
The Cambridge Course of Elementary Physics. Part First. By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillet. Pp. vi, 324. 1868.
J. C. GARRIGUES, Philadelphia.—Mistakes of Educated Men. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Fourth edition. Pp. 91. 1867.
SEVER & FRANCIS, Cambridge.—On the Cam. Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England. By William Everett, A.M. Second edition, revised. Pp. xvi, 391. 1867.
M. DOOLADY, New York.—Alice; or, The Painter's Story. By Loughton Osborn. Pp. 202.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Angelic Philosophy of the Divine Love and Wisdom. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated by R. Norman Foster. Pp. 277. 1868.
Devereux. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. The Globe Edition. Pp. 314, 350. 1867.
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., New York.—New Elementary Algebra. By Horatio Robinson, LL.D. Pp. vi, 312. 1866.
New University Algebra. By the same. Pp. viii, 423. 1867.
Union Fourth Reader. By Charles W. Sanders, A.M. Pp. xii, 408. 1867.
Union Fifth Reader. By the same. Pp. xii, 480. 1867.
The Union Speller. By the same. Pp. 173. 1867.
The Progressive Primary Arithmetic. By Daniel W. Fish, A.M. Pp. 80. 1867.
The Rudiments of Written Arithmetic. By the same. Pp. 234. 1867.
First Lessons in English Grammar. By Simon Kerl, A.M. Pp. 168. 1866.
A Common-School Grammar of the English Language. By the same. Pp. iv, 350. 1867.
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Elementary Anatomy and Physiology. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., and Edward Hitchcock, Jr., M.D. Revised edition. Pp. 443. 1866.
JAMES MILLER, New York.—The Pearl of Great Price. By James Hall. Pp. 139. 1867.
A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar. By Rev. Dr. Brewer. Pp. 400.
SHELDON & Co., New York.—Stoddard's Rudiments of Arithmetic. By John F. Stoddard, A.M. Pp. 239.
A Practical Grammar of the English Language. By Rev. Peter Bullions, D.D. Revised edition. Pp. x, 336. 1867.
HATCHER & Co., London.—Elijah the Prophet. An Epic Poem. By G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L., author of The Dean's English. Second edition. Pp. xiii, 148. 1866. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.)
LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—Manual of the Constitution of the United States of America. By Timothy Farrar. Pp. ix, 532. 1867.
A Treatise on the American Law of Easements and Servitudes. By Emory Washburn, LL.D. Second edition. Pp. xxxv, 744. 1867.
MILLER, WOOD & Co., New York.—The Tree of Life; or, Human Degeneracy. By Isaac Jennings, M.D. Pp. xiv, 279. 1867.
WILLIAM WOOD & Co., New York.—Primary Systematic Human Physiology, Anatomy, and Hygiene. Illustrated. By T. S. Lambert, M.D. Pp. 177. 1867.
NICHOLS & NOTES, Boston.—Ecce Caelum; or, Parish Astronomy. By a Connecticut Pastor. Pp. 198. 1867.
PAMPHLETS, ETC.
HARPER & Bros., New York.—Cassie: A Novel. By the author of Mr. Arle.
THE AUTHOR, New York.—The Poetry of the Arabs of Spain. By G. J. Adler, A.M.
We have also received The London Quarterly Review, The Quarterly of the Young Men's Christian Associations of America, The New York Medical Journal, Demorest's Monthly Magazine—New York; The Williams Quarterly—Williamstown; Cassell's Magazine—London and New York.
MUSIC.
SEP. WINNER & Co., Philadelphia.—Linked with Many Bitter Tears. A Ballad. Words and music by Alice Hawthorne. Pp. 5.
Over My Heart. Ballad. The same. Pp. 5.
The Friends We Love. Song and chorus. The same. Pp. 5.
LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.—Mocking Bird Echoes. A collection of variations, marches, waltzes, galops, quicksteps, etc. Pp. 5.
Hawthorne Ballads. The same.
What is Home without a Mother? Pp. 5.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL,
FAITH, AND FREE WILL "WITHIN THE BOUNDS
OF LAW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: As the vexed question pointed at in this heading has been touched upon several times in your columns by yourself and myself as well as by others, apparently without our having received the same impressions, will you allow me space for an attempt to find whether these impressions are very different after all? In reply to what I have offered upon the question, a lady friend, the wife of an orthodox clergyman, has written me, partly, as follows: "In brief letters such topics can have only very general treatment, and there is much liability to mistake the ground of difference. If that ground be wider and more radical than one party supposes, the answer of that

party may seem aimless to the other. Thus we are no more at issue as to *faith*, but rather the deep, sunken foundations in which it fastens; we have no further question as to the 'anchor cast within the veil' (of which the apostle speaks), but as to that unseen, mysterious, deeply-veiled 'within' where the anchor is cast by the storm-torn spirit.

"I do not feel able to attempt an intellectual grasp of these infinite theories. I know that Darwin, Agassiz, Mill, Powell, Miller, and other deep and wide thinkers have put forth different theories both as to the divine and the natural systems of things. With the constitution of mind and spirit which I have, even were I to study all these, I think I should fail to make that analysis of evidence on the various questions, that classification of ideas, that harmonious combination of principles, that comprehensive view of physical and spiritual forces which would be necessary in an intellectual, logical treatment of these things. Therefore, so far as I speak, it will be mainly from *spiritual consciousness* and from those *intuitions* which start from the depths of that spirit-being which is I, and which I believe to be immortal in its identity. From what seems to me to be one of the elemental principles of my spirit-life, I cannot conceive the future loss of my individual spiritual identity to be any way consistent with that vivid sense of right and wrong and of free moral accountability which I surely feel, and which all mortals manifest, under greater or less moral or mental obscurity. The veriest babe, waking in the dark, will cry and throw out its hands for the parental power which every weakness of its nature demands, and of which it knows and to which it reaches only by a blind, instinctive consciousness.

"In deep darkness and discord of life, in aimless and helpless suffering, through various causes, I have been brought into that same babe-like reaching for, and sense of dependence upon, a Power above me and my life, which I claim as my spiritual Parent. It is something more than power, progress, or beauty which my soul demands of the universe; for which it crieth and hungereth, as instinctively as the young lion seeketh his meat. I remember one lonely winter night when I had been studying until late upon the earth's structure and nations. My imagination had been kindled in picturing the glory of the stars over the tropical plateaus of Persia, subduing the mind to its worship, in the wild rites of Iran. I had thought of the sea depths—the submarine mountains whose fair tops cut the sea and blossom in the sun. It was late and still as I shut my books and looked out over the wide white fields and up to the cold beautiful stars. There was a *world within* me which made no point of contact with that *outer* world.

"It was one of those sharp moments of conviction from which we 'behold and a door is opened'; and that which has satisfied us can satisfy us no more. 'We long for communion, but it must be a reciprocal communion. The soul does crave fellowship, but it must be with a living being who knows what we feel and returns the feeling; and nature can help us in all this only as its forms and aspects are viewed as the symbols of Divine life and Divine love. The beauty of our visible cosmos is merely like the sheen of stars in the waters of our earth—the reflection of the glory of a supra-mundane region.' I cannot tell you how intensely I feel this. As a child I had no questioning to disturb the feeling for which I had no language; and now reason has so far given way before the incoming of another energy, even *faith*, that nature and I have the old communion.

"My soul craves and claims another 'Father' than 'some invisible point or spring of physical force, destitute of personality and every other attribute which' (shall I say the gospel) 'ascribes to him.' I certainly do not comprehend the personality nor the mode of being which my God has; and I do even more fail to comprehend 'some invisible point of physical force, who at a glance saw his plan from beginning to ending'—'a genius holding the illimitable universe in the grasp of his imagination.' And, my friend, your resurrection of 'shining intelligences,' by the process you describe, is quite as miraculous as, and to me more blinding and bewildering than, is the orthodox resurrection of the dead, as it is treated in our Scriptures.

"As to the development theory, a deeply spiritual writer has asked: 'What is Holy Writ but the history of a labor tending to a far seen, mighty, and remote end?' And I would ask: What is geology—the writ of the rocks—but a similar history? Yet, while declaring a progress slow and mighty, such men as Hugh Miller and McCosh declare also that between the geologic transitions the connection is 'immaterial,' withdrawn into the realm of spirit, and having no traces in the physical. Certainly there are powerful analogies between the marches of the physical and the spiritual, the natural and the supernatural. The gospel was foreshadowed by rite and symbol, and foretold by inspirations under the law. And now, by light of revelation, in prophecy and vision and development of soul, the 'expectation of the creature waiteth' for the kingdom of glory that is to be. McCosh says: 'It has been shown that the natural seems to look for the supernatural. It will be shown that the supernatu-

ral fits in most admirably into the natural system, and that the two form the joined and adjusted compartments of one great temple designed from eternity. There is no incongruity, in fact or appearance, between the higher natural and the lower natural. I have sometimes thought that the very rise in the natural, from the lower to the higher, so constant, so regular, so systematic, may point to and almost guarantee a rise from the natural to the supernatural. As the inanimate has risen to the animate, as the animal has risen to man, so do we hope that the animal man may rise to the spiritual man. I cherish the hope that he is but the rude anticipation of what he is to become. Howbeit, when that state of things comes the whole natural shall be raised up to the supernatural, and the supernatural shall be natural, as being visibly embraced within the system."

After quite a long quotation, the point of which I have endeavored to give, as above, my friend closes with these sentences: "Your hope, expectation, faith, whatever it is, looking to the coming forth of 'shining intelligences,' what is it all but the state of futurity revealed through Christ, believed in by the Christian, and expected by the devout man of science as a completion typified in the present order of things? Is not the difference between your *imagining* and their *faith* one of means, not of ends?"

I would extend the question, and ask if there is the distinction implied of means even? The whole argument of McCosh, which the lady declares is an expression of her views, although it carries along with it the two terms, *natural* and *supernatural*, winds up, finally, with the full admission that the two are one in character. The admission is not needed, however; for the line of the argument is from the natural by a *natural* process, so to speak, right into the "supernatural"—in other words, is a simple continuation of the line showing the ascent from the low to the high natural. There is no opening, and no chance for an opening, for the miraculous. So that the word *supernatural* means here, as it means in all the discussions upon the subject under notice, nothing more than the link in the chain out of the intellectual sight of the particular arguer. For an illustration, suppose a piece of ice containing quantities of atmospheric air, as well as of the various earths. The process of breaking it into pieces with a sledge-hammer would be a natural one to, I will say, the lowest order of mind; while to the same mind the process of melting it into water by fire would be miraculous. This, again, would be natural to a mind a grade above the first-named; while to the same the liquefaction by the slow, imperceptible action of the solar rays would be above the natural. This, to Mr. McCosh and to his copyist, would be within the range of the natural; while to both the conversion of the ice, air, and unorganized earths into a growing plant, by means of some hitherto unknown combination of the actions of the sunbeams, would, upon their premises, be deemed a *creation*.

A like illustration may serve to indicate the agreement, instead of the difference, between Dr. Draper's "uncontrollable causes" and the Duke of Argyll's *free will* "within the bounds of law," thus: A portion of the ice is changed into steam through quick melting by fire. The particles of steam rise to a given height. In consequence of causes uncontrollable by themselves they cannot get above such height; yet they are free to move within the bounds set. Again, another portion of the ice is converted into vapor, lighter than the steam, through the finer dissections of the rays from the sun. The limits to the freedom of its particles are farther apart than were those to the freedom of the steam-particles; accordingly, the control of causes is brought to bear not so directly. Thus, *uncontrollable cause* and *free will* are convertible not only, but both are relative, there being degrees of each.

The comparison will apply to the doings of men just as well as to the motions of atoms of matter; the human will is free within certain bounds, but it is controlled so that it cannot operate of itself outside of those bounds. So much Professor Draper, his reviewer in *The Round Table*, and the Duke of Argyll will accord upon, without question. Draper does not claim, of course, that the Southern leaders could not have refrained from going into secession; neither does *The Round Table* imply the claim that the North could have drawn a moon-stroke upon the secession army and exterminated it in the first night of the war. It does not follow from this showing that I must concede Professor Draper's foundation to be of the right breadth exactly. It is kind, not quantity, which is in issue. By the way, there is in Draper's theory nothing against his idea of an "angel of retribution." For example, a man is free to leap from a house-top upon a rock. From a cause not under his control he cannot penetrate far into the rock. The penalty attached by the angel is that of probably two broken legs.

To return to my friend's criticism, I cannot but recognize an intelligence, not personified, having hands and fingers ready to pick up and put into place the wheels of Paley's watch, but without form, spiritual, invisible, incomprehensible, far away and infinitely transcending my own intelligence, as the starter into existence of all the things which are; and I cannot but look forward to an

eternity of existence, the future states to be successive refinements upon the present state. To that intelligence I would apply the masculine gender, because usage (as yet) requires the application. I conceive of him not as a "Father" to be loved, but as a Power but faintly pictured in the reachings of the imagination; and here I take the liberty to suggest that if that *craving of soul*, upon the winter night, had been analyzed properly, it would have proved a longing for human sympathy, after a wearying of the mind in soaring to the mysteries and sublimities of the Deity. G. W. EVELETH.

FORT FAIRFIELD, Maine, July 19, 1867.

JUNIUS AND THE CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: "Still must I hear? Shall," etc. *Vide* Juvenal and Byron *passim*. Will the critics never let the name of Sir Philip Francis alone in repeating their very stale commonplaces about the authorship of *Junius*? It has time and again been demonstrated that the Franciscans have not an inch of solid ground to stand upon in that controversy; and I would earnestly recommend to those who would like to understand the merits of this *questio vexata* the perusal of a very searching and able article, in reference thereto, that originally appeared in *The London Quarterly* some sixteen years ago—an article as brilliant in style and diction as it is clear, forcible, and conclusive in argument; and from which the reader will be very likely to come away pretty firmly convinced that the great "Umbra" could have been no other than Lord Lyttelton the younger, the bold and trenchant debater, who, after having laid aside his terrible pen and taken his seat in the House of Lords, fulfilled this prophecy: "When Junius is really discovered, we shall probably see him disappearing like a storm-cloud from one part of the political horizon to burst with thunder and lightning in another." In one of his earlier speeches he attacked the ministry so fiercely and so bitterly that the Duke of Manchester warmly remonstrated against the severity of his remarks. But Lord Sandwich defended him and stated that, as the oldest peer in that house, he (Lord Sandwich) could affirm that the speaker (Lyttelton) was perfectly in order, and that, furthermore, "the speech of the noble lord was the finest that he had ever heard within these walls."

But the object of this note is to point out an error in the very well-timed communication of G. W. Eveleth, on the subject of this controversy, which appeared in *The Round Table* of the 27th of July. Mr. Eveleth quotes *Junius* and misquotes him, and, to an Englishman, in a tender point. Macaulay, in one of his critiques, says that "not one Londoner in a million ever misplaces his *will* and *shall*," and, he might have added, his *would* and *should*. But I am inclined to believe that in America scarcely one man in a million ever fails to misplace them.

Mr. Moon has already referred to this peculiarity in American writers in one of his recent criticisms. The truth is, this vulgarism is getting to be an intolerable nuisance. We meet it everywhere. "We will have universal bankruptcy within three months," exclaims one of the most dashing and slashing of our Jefferson Bricks. "We will be inevitably lost, unless," etc., etc., cries a fashionable Whitefield. "I would very much like to see," etc., say half the persons you converse with and nine-tenths of the writers who figure so luminously in our daily prints—meaning, of course, "I should like." It is the same old joke over again about the Frenchman falling into the water: "I will be drowned, nobody shall help me!"

Mr. Eveleth makes *Junius* say, in one of his private notes to Woodfall, "I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I would not survive a discovery three days," etc.

You may be sure that *Junius* wrote "I should not;" which is a very different thing from "I would not."

I am, etc., J. CRAGIN.

MOBILE, Ala., August 15, 1867.

LITERARIANA.

PROF. G. J. ADLER has just issued, in a very neat pamphlet, his entertaining and instructive lecture on *The Poetry of the Arabs of Spain*, delivered last March in the small chapel of the University. To the student of the history of literature the subject is full of the most fascinating interest, and it is somewhat surprising that English writers have not more generally turned their attention towards unveiling the literary treasures of this remarkable people. Few studies would so well reward investigation, yet in Mr. Adler's list of authorities we find not a single English name. From Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid* to Irving's *Conquest of Granada* and Mr. Ticknor's admirable work we have had numerous accounts of the Spanish Christians, their poetry and their heroism, and we have perhaps allowed the prejudices of race and creed to blind us to the extraordinary merits of a people who in chivalric refinement, in all the graces and arts of civilization, were infinitely superior to their conquerors. The Christian knight gloried in his ignorance and piously

crossed himself at every allusion to the learning of the infidel, which he looked upon and abhorred as the craft of the evil one. "While in the rest of Europe," says Professor Adler, "scarcely any one except the clergy knew how to read and write, Andalusia, and, in fact, the whole of Moorish Spain, had schools without number in which the art was generally taught, and Hakem gave his capital alone twenty-seven for the special purpose of educating the children of the poorer classes free of expense. Nor was there any lack of institutions of a higher grade; there were numerous academies, generally attached to the mosques, at Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Valencia, Almeria, Malaga, and Jaen, at which the superior disciplines were taught, such as the interpretation of the Koran, philology, the mathematics, astronomy, medicine, jurisprudence, and philosophy, and the halls of which attracted both hearers and professors from all parts of the Mohammedan, and after awhile also from the Christian, world. So general was the taste and even the zeal for studies, that these Spanish institutions were frequented by students from the remotest parts of Asia and the heart of Germany; the Andalusians on their part would frequently not shun the hardships of the long journey to the East to quench their thirst for knowledge in the lecture-room of some distinguished master at Tunis, Cairman, Cairo, Damascus, Bagdad, Mecca, Basora, or Cufa, and there are instances on record in which such learned pilgrimages extended as far as India and China and into the very heart of Africa." The same enlightened sovereign who could thus anticipate our boasted system of public schools, showed equal concern for the intellectual wants of his maturer subjects. "Not content with the mere *viva vox* of knowledge, Hakem was determined to possess it in a more permanent form; he founded a library for which his agents were commissioned to make collections in every part of the world, until the number of its volumes for which he made room in his palace at Cordova had risen to the enormous figure of four hundred thousand. And all the books of this immense collection, it is asserted, were read or consulted by the caliph himself, and many of them enriched with marginal notes from his own hand. The personnel of this library included a number of the most skillful copyists and binders, who occupied themselves constantly with the multiplication or the restoration of the precious manuscripts. Hakem's court thus soon became the natural resort for all the genius of the nation, and his liberality toward men of letters is said to have known no bounds. The intellectual life developed under the benign auspices of this prince was, therefore, naturally and in every respect a most brilliant one, and there is no example like it anywhere in the middle age." It is lamentable to learn that Hakem's library met the fate of the vast collection at Alexandria, for on the capture of Cordova by the Berbers, in 1013, the books composing it were either destroyed or sold. But this disaster was not sufficient to check the zeal for learning among the Spanish Moslems. "Under the Almohades, especially under Abdulmuren and his successor Jussef, Cordova once more regained some of its former glory as a seat of letters and a place for books, and about this time its academies could boast of men no less eminent than Averroës Abenzoar and Abu Bacer, who long before our own revival of letters drew the writings of Aristotle (although, it is maintained, only in Syriac translations) from their oblivion, and with their bold philosophical researches won themselves not only an immense contemporary celebrity, but a permanent place in the history of philosophy. In regard to books, it has been ascertained that as late as the thirteenth century the different cities of Andalusia contained no less than seventy libraries open to the public." Are there so many at this day of the nineteenth century in the United States? We have one in New York city. Poetry, Mr. Adler tells us, was "the centre and the soul of this astonishing development of intellectual life," and was cultivated as well by the peasant behind his plough as by the prince in his palace, by cavalier and caliph alike. Even the women of the harem devoted themselves to this pursuit with not less ardor, and frequently with not less success, than the men. Indeed, as our fair readers will agree with us, it was not the least merit of the Arab that he knew how to respect and reverence the sex. "The position of woman in the society of Moslem Spain seems to have been a freer one than elsewhere among the Mohammedans, and she was permitted to be a sharer of the whole intellectual culture of her time. Hence we find quite a number of those who either won distinction in the sciences or vied with the men in the art of making poetry. This superiority of education gave rise to a degree and kind of respect such as the East scarcely knew, where the sentiment of love, for example, was almost exclusively based on merely physical charms, and the relations between the sexes thus became a much superior one. Talent and knowledge were regarded as attractions in no respect inferior to those of personal beauty, and it was not unfrequently the case that a common taste for music or poetry constituted an intimate bond of union between two hearts. We need not therefore be surprised when, in the amatory poetry of the Spanish Arabs, we occasionally meet with an intensity of feeling, a mixture of im-

petuous passion and of tender melancholy such as our middle age scarcely can produce an instance of, and which is much closer allied to the sentimentality of modern times." The specimens with which the professor favors us do not altogether bear out this praise, though perhaps it is hardly fair to judge of the beauty and spirit of the originals from the flat precipitate of the English translation, which is peculiarly unfitted to convey the fervid and impassioned imagery of the Oriental. His examples of the *preziansa* or warlike *kassida* we like better; they seem to have lost none of their native flavor in the transition. In this connection the professor notices a curious contrast between the Arabic and Christian accounts of the Cid. "While among the latter Cid Ruy Diaz el Campeador is invariably represented as the model of every chivalric virtue, kind, affable, honorable, and always loyal even toward his unjust king, the Arabs give him the character of a perfidious and cruel barbarian, who fought neither for his king nor his faith, but in the service of some of the small Mohammedan princes. In this light he appears more especially in connection with the siege of Valencia, which he conducted, and where, after its surrender, he perpetrated the most atrocious barbarities, condemning the alcayde to the stake, and menacing his wife and daughters with the same." The poetry of the Arabs, whether amatory, martial, elegiac, encomiastic, or satiric, was entirely lyrical, and though their ignorance of other forms of verse was so great that Averroës defines tragedy to be "the art to praise," and comedy "the art to blame," yet in their own line, the professor contends "that they really rose to a very high degree of perfection, and that they have left us gems and flowers without number which will lose nothing in comparison with any other of their kind, either ancient or modern."

BALTIMORE is to give us, from the first of October, *Southern Society: a Weekly Journal of Literature, Society, and Art*. The field for a journal of this character in the South is a large one, and one which we should be glad to see creditably occupied. The promises made by the projectors of the new enterprise are ample. Messrs. William Gilmore Simms and John Mitchell are to be among the editorial writers; among the definitely announced contributors are John Eaton Cooke, Paul H. Hayne, John R. Thompson, and, of ladies, the authors of *Emily Chester* and of *Somebody's Darling* (?), Miss Emily V. Mason, Mrs. Fanny Downing, together with some whose names are less known to us; while contributions are "expected" from, among others, Miss Augusta J. Evans, Albert Taylor Bledsoe, LL.D., Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Henry Thirard, Hon. A. J. Requirer, Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, George Frederick Holmes, LL.D., Henry L. Flash, Mrs. George H. Calvert, Sidney Lanier, J. Wood Davidson, and James Barron Hope. The list of "features" promised, although politics are, perhaps prudently, excluded, is dangerously large, and, we regret to see, includes what is apt to be an element of weakness and degeneracy, thus set forth:

"The story, the essay, the poem, the criticism, the sketch, the anecdote—these are what people expect to find in a literary paper. With the resources at our command, we will [sic] be able to offer a brilliant array of talent, unsurpassed in American periodical literature; wits, poets, humorists, artists, critics, travellers—all who have anything witty, wise, clever, humorous, brilliant, or interesting to say, will be welcome in *Southern Society*, whether they possess the 'magic of a name' or not."

We shall not, however, criticise prophetically, and trust that the new-comer may command success.

MR. S. T. TAYLOR, of New York, has commenced the publication, with the sole agency for this country, of *Die Modenwelt* (which we take to signify World's Fashions), a Berlin journal of a much higher grade, both in respect of taste and of the execution of its profuse illustrations, than its American contemporaries in the departments of fashion, needlework, embroidery, and fancy-work in general. It is a handsome quarto, which contains some 1,500 illustrations yearly, beside from 160 to 180 large patterns, and appears in semi-monthly parts. We may express a hope that the translation, which is apparently done at Leipzig, will not, as a general thing, so strongly resemble the Anglo-Portuguese work we recently described as does this extraordinary passage:

"Jan non selling Braid and Embroidery Stamps cheapes Than avy other house in Hus city. Ourprizes will vary from No. 4 et No. 5 per dozen (according to the vize) of the brocks, 2wo pads, two bewahes, and two bolles ofnin for No. 1 es if prefeena, will ceud printed directions for tuakenig the Dok, pads C. for No. 1. In addition to thebrock Stampps; dan non selling puffuetea passer stampps, in cludeing two pads and two passen of powder for Nr. 2.⁰⁰ to No. 3.⁰⁰ per dozen. Fluteing Machine 8.—Dam non selling a new pallenled, and very superire Machine for Fluteing price No. 28."

It is only fair, however, to say that ordinarily it is not as bad as this, and that no other passage is unintelligible.

MR. TAYLOR would seem to be a busy as well as a versatile person, since, in addition to his duties as publisher of two other journals similar to *Die Modenwelt* and agent of half-a-dozen fashionable things, he is editor and publisher of a neat little sheet entitled *Every Month*, of which, whether it pays its expenses or not, he intends to issue an edition of 5,000, at a subscription price of 30 cents per year—when he can get it. The object of the paper is the assistance of the Church of the Strangers, an enterprise of a semi-missionary character set on foot by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, who holds Sunday and

Wednesday services in the Chapel of the University. Aside from the recommendation which attaches to its object, *Every Month* is a really praiseworthy little paper, pleasingly destitute of the coarse zealotry and rancor that characterize so many more pretentious members of its confraternity, and we are sure no one will regret having aided its editor in the cost of its production or in extending its circulation.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. are to issue a new fashion weekly entitled *Harper's Bazaar*—which, for some reason, they intend to spell *Bazar*—in which the fashions will be published simultaneously with their appearance in Paris. It now only remains for this firm to establish a juvenile magazine and a quarterly, although the latter does not seem to thrive in New York, and as to the former, it were the part of prudence to think twice before courting comparison with *The Riverside*, *Our Young Folks*, and "Oliver Optic's" admirable little weekly, *Our Boys and Girls*.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. will very probably have published before this reaches our readers Dr. Holland's new poem, *Kathrina: Her Life and Mine*. We may, however, mention that, while it is narrative in form, the plot is not at all complicated, and the moral of the story is very clearly presented—the power of a true Christian woman to lead man to something nobler than objects of worldly ambition. The scene is laid in the valley of the Connecticut, and the poem is diversified with picturesque sketches as well as with spirited lyrical and dramatic passages.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press, in addition to our previous announcements, *The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth*, by H. F. Ewald; a *Practical Treatise on Shock after Surgical Operations and Injuries*, by E. Morris, M.D.; and a second and revised edition of Dr. D. Hayes Agnew's *Practical Anatomy*. The same firm have also become the sole American agents of the Religious Tract Society of London, from which they are receiving attractively bound and illustrated juvenile and other works suitable for Christmas gifts and similar purposes.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROS. are soon to publish in book-form the letters, "carefully revised, with important additions," which Mr. John W. Forney wrote from Europe to his two newspapers, *The Philadelphia Press* and *The Washington Chronicle*.

MESSRS. T. R. DAWLEY & Co. are bestirring themselves to provide what we believe is a valuable appliance of the book trade in England, though unknown here. This is *The American Publishers', Bookellers', and Stationers' Catalogue*, a uniform and indexed catalogue of the stock of all our publishers, which is to be issued annually in season for the fall trade and supplied without cost to such dealers as have occasion to refer to it, the number of whom is estimated at 10,000. The partially-completed copy of the first edition now in preparation, which lies before us, is, in point of sumptuous paper, typographical execution, and binding, as well as what is known among advertisers as "display," a more beautiful piece of workmanship than we have seen devoted to anything of the catalogue description. No doubt it will greatly facilitate communication between the buyers and sellers in the trade for which it is designed.

THE poem of which we have the following translation seems to be a sufficiently close imitation of the Latin of Marc-Antony Flaminio, with the slight exception of a change of sex. The Italian poet, if we remember rightly, dedicated his ode to a clerical friend:

TO ZEPHYR.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF ESTEBAN DE VILLEGAS.)

O thou sweet dweller in the verdant forest,
Gnest that with flowery April aye abidest,
Life-giving breath of gracious mother Venus,
Zephyr ambrosial!

If my unrest has ever moved thy sorrow
Who for me oft hast borne my sad complainings,
Hear me and fear not, hasten to my lady,
Tell her I'm dying.

Flora, dear Flora, once knew all my anguish;
Flora my pain once knew, and felt and pitied;
Once, too, she loved me; now, alas! I fear me,
Fear me her anger.

Haste! so the gods with love and care paternal,
So may the heavens with most benignant kindness,
Keep, for the future, when thou sportest joyous,
Snows from thy pathway.

Tell her! and never may the weight of storm-cloud,
When the light dawns upon the mountain-summits,
Harm thy fair shoulders, nor the evil hailstones
Bruise thy gay pinions.

W. L. SNOENAKER.

DR. VAN DYCK, physician, missionary, and translator, sailed recently from New York for Syria, carrying with him electrotyped plates for two editions of the Bible in Arabic, which have been prepared at the Bible House. With him are Messrs. Samuel Hallock and N. Sabongl, the former of whom is skilful in the manufacture of Arabic type and takes a set of machinery and tools, while the latter, a native Arab, has assisted in the preparation of the Bible. The future manufacture, under the supervision of these three, will henceforth be carried on at Beirut, where a foundry and all necessary appliances will be established, as much expense can thereby be saved.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND'S purposed two years' trip to Europe will not, as has been rumored, be made until next year.

PROFILE MOUNTAIN.

I left the thronged hotel and went apart
To find a scene that I before had known,
Which strongly summoned my o'erburdened heart.
Thither I went alone.

There lay the dark lake at the mountain's base,
While, black against the crimson sunset sky,
The profile of a stern, expectant face
Met my expectant eye.

In vain the mountain foliage would roll
Around the grimness its soft waves of gloom;
Above it towered, like an unpardoned soul
Who waits the word of doom.

Too proud to show an unavailing pain,
Too patient for rebellion, the grave eyes
Seem to o'erlook the present and to strain
To far-off centuries.

A visible embodiment of all
Which underlies our every changing mood,
The eternal question, "born of bier and pall,"
That cries, "What good? what good?"

That asks in moments of earth's deepest bliss,
"Is this the crown of the strange life we live?
To souls who dream of God and heaven, is this
The best that Time can give?"

Till, like the solemn Sphinx, we seem to be
Sitting with heads raised upward to the skies,
While at our feet, when we would rise and flee,
The desert sand still lies.

In vain we watch and gaze like yon stern face
Into the land beyond; the form we wear
Folds us so closely in its cold embrace—
Even God we scarcely hear.

But when at last Death's solemn shades unroll
And this poor life of daily toll be o'er,
The riddle shall be solved, and the freed soul
Question itself no more.

F. M. S.

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1867.

SAUNTERING.

"THEY who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean."—H. D. Thoreau.

I.
Just over the borders of daily life
There's a Holy Land of light and song,
Where music, and beauty, and joy are rife,
And the soul, at leisure, may flee from strife,
And oblivion drink of wrong.

II.
And often I seek this Holy Land—
I saunter along at mine own sweet ease,
When skies are blue and the breeze is bland,
Till its golden and ivory gates expand,
And its marvels the "mind's eye" sees.

III.
More fair than aught in this world of ours,
All things there gladden, and glimmer, and gleam;
A spiritual life lives on the flowers,
And rainbow colors adorn the bowers
Whereunder woe pilgrims dream.

IV.
The ceaseless tumult, and clash, and jar,
That unnerve the weak and perplex the stout,
Are heard but as harmless echoes afar,
Or as dim night-sounds in a vision are,
When sleep has the world shut out.

V.
In that rich realm there are memories fair
Of the days when as yet we knew no ill;
Ere, haunted by ghosts of despair and care,
The spirit yet breathed an ambrosial air,
And heaven seemed round us still.

VI.
The traveller, tired, there finds repose,
If he loiter awhile on the lush green leas,
And a balm in the humblest plant that grows;
Unwounded by thorns, he may pluck the rose,
And oracles hear 'neath the trees.

VII.
The poet for song there finds new themes,
Where an Eden-light unextinguished lies;
Lotus he eats, and he drinks of streams
From the River of Life, and his golden dreams
Are of happier earths and skies.

VIII.
The weary and sad may Nepenthe quaff,
And half the darkness of grief forget
For a space, and at its grim phantoms laugh,
Where's a never a grave nor an epitaph
To awake in the soul regret.

IX.
Yet few there are in this world's hot waste
Who, sauntering, seek this region bright,
Though it be not far; but, with feverish haste,
The most other paths pursue, nor taste
The springs of its deep delight.

X.
But happy, thrice happy, are those who wend
At times from the barren and burning track,
To this land, where custom's chains they rend,
And flowers immortal in life's wreath blend,
And glad and refreshed come back.

XI.
Oh! why should we evermore toll and toll
For pleasures as false as the Dead Sea's fruit,
The soul's white pinions with vile dust soil,
And search for peace in a mad turmoil,
And health from a poisonous root?

XII.
Not vain nor idle the Saunterer's life,
No useless, fantastic vagabond he,
Who a respite seeks from noise and strife,
Where music and beauty and joy are rife,
And the mind and the heart are free!

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

M. CHASLES, the geometrician—brother or cousin, we believe, of the M. Philarette Chasles who has controversies about Shakespeare, discovers unpublished letters of Voltaire, and investigates ardently—recently submitted to the French Institute proofs that Blaise Pascal and not Isaac Newton was the discoverer of the law of universal attraction. Two letters from Pascal to Robert Boyle, dated May 8, 1652, and Sept. 2 (no year), afforded M. Chasles' evidence of the French philosopher's priority. There are other letters not made public, one from Newton, then a young student at Cambridge, also intimations of a hoax, all of which will probably be more definitely described by degrees. Meanwhile *The Athenæum* points out that in the published letter Pascal writes (in 1652) to Boyle with the cordiality of an intimate friend, while in 1660 he speaks as if he had but barely heard of him, "un gentilhomme Anglais nommé Monsieur Boyle;" that at this time Boyle was but twenty-six years old, and did not publish anything until he was thirty-four; that the letter does not sound like Pascal; and that in it is an illustration from the movement of the froth in a cup of coffee, which is spoken of as a thing familiar to every one's observation, whereas in 1652 the first specimen of coffee was brought to England, in 1657 the first to France by Thevenot, in whose house and the houses of some of his friends only was it known, until the Turkish ambassador in 1669 brought more and distributed it—a slight incident which furnishes a strong presumption against the originality of the letter. At this point the venerable Sir David Brewster interposes "as the biographer of Sir Isaac Newton and the only living person who has examined his letters and MSS. in the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth." The French charges, he says, must involve an accusation against Mr. Conduitt (Sir Isaac's nephew-in-law and successor at the mint), Bishop Horsley, and himself of having tampered with Pascal's letters, inasmuch as they are the only persons who have had access to them. He therefore adduces, among others, these proofs of the forgery, which he has communicated to M. Chevreul, the President of the Academy:

"1. In the Portsmouth papers there is not a single letter from Pascal to Newton, nor any letter or document in which his name is mentioned.

"2. Pascal is alleged to have heard of Newton's precocious genius as a mathematician, and to have written to him encouraging letters when he was only eleven years of age! Newton was not a precocious genius. His great powers were very slowly developed. Till he was sixteen he was occupied with water and wind mills and dials; and, as he himself told Mr. Conduitt, his first experiment was made in 1653, when he was sixteen—an experiment, too, indicating very little genius.

"3. Newton's mother, under the name of Anne Asycough, thanks Pascal for his attention to her son; but Anne Asycough ceased to have that name when Newton was only four years old, and had she written after that time it could only have been as Hannah Smith.

"4. The letters of Newton are signed *I. Newton* and *Isaac Newton*. Newton's letters of correspondence were always signed *Is. Newton*; the only exception I know being when he signed *Isaac Newton* to a long scientific communication to Boyle.

"5. According to the alleged correspondence, Newton received at least two hundred manuscripts and notes from Pascal, which he offered to return; but it does not appear that the offer was accepted.

"6. Newton never wrote in French; his letters to Varignon and other French savans were always written in Latin."

Prof. A. De Morgan, writing in reference to Sir David Brewster's note, adds to this last statement "Newton's own information, given at the age of thirty-one, that he could not read French without the continual use of a dictionary." The evidence from the signature, however, he regards as of little importance, instancing the forms, *Newton*, *I. Newton*, *Is. Newton*, *Isaac Newton*, and *Isaacus Newtonus*, which all occur, he says, in the Macclesfield correspondence, while *Isaac Newton* is found in letters in the *Biographia Britannica*. Hereupon *The Athenæum*, returning to the subject, mentions that the *Monde*, of Paris, having stated in allusion to the discovered correspondence that it includes letters from Newton and Lagrange to each other—a circumstance remarkable from the fact that they were not contemporaries [Newton lived 1642-1727, Lagrange 1736-1813]—it made especial enquiry and ascertained that the dates of the letters were within the nine years during which neither of the philosophers was existent in the flesh.

A "REV." JAMES SHAW, "of the Illinois Conference," as his title-page explains, has written an account of his *Twelve Years in America*, which ought to be free from the blunders arising from deficient information characteristic of so many trans-Atlantic books about this country. Among the qualifications which the author enumerates are that he has four times crossed the Atlantic, has travelled thirty-five thousand miles, been around the great lakes, coasted the British provinces, and sojourned in nine states. Nevertheless, as we learn from *The Chronicle*—for the work, so far as we know, has not yet reached this country—whatever of the book is not taken from guides and hand-books is made up of "narratives of his experiences at revivals, his satisfaction with himself, and his dissatisfaction with others who profess different tenets." Not quite all, however, for it does contain some items of information decidedly original, that, for instance, there was a heathen deity called "Belvidere," since he enumerates as among the gods and goddesses "Apollon and Belvideres, Minervas and Astartes,"

while, in speaking of our indebtedness to Grecian and Roman geographical names, he says we have "Bellfontains and Castilian springs, Parnassus Hills and Mounts Ida, the passes of Thermopolis and the pillars of Hercules." Equally surprising is the assurance that twelve years ago there was a prejudice against the Osage orange, but that now, constructively through his representations, "the effort to obtain the young plants for hedge-fence is remarkable. Every farmer wants to plant it." Similarly, ten years ago, he introduced the "Bygonia"—he means Begonia—into America. For further characteristics, whose enumeration in our own terms would be likely to ensure us the monotonous distinction of being styled a "scoffer" by some of our sectarian contemporaries, we quote from *The Chronicle*: "Putting aside the claim of the Baptists to be considered the most numerous sect, he states that 'Methodism is one and a half times as large as they, three times as large as the Roman Catholics, four times as large as the Presbyterians, eight times as large as the Congregationalists, fifteen times as large as the Episcopalians.' Contrasting this with former computations, his bugbear, 'Popery,' seems to have risen in the scale; when he landed it was everywhere the object of hatred and contempt, yet it is of a much milder form and enlightened type than in Europe. He omits to state that, although the 'whole genius and spirit of the political system is opposed to popery,' the late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court was a Catholic. Methodists and Baptists, although them ost numerous sects, are not the most intellectually influential in America; they are surpassed, in that respect, by even small New England sects, but their ministers may be all the more popular for being less learned. There are no critical scruples to chill their zeal, nor intellectual qualms to mar their efficiency at revivals and camp-meetings. The author, for instance, is able to tell his readers, at the end of his accounts of such assemblies, the exact number of those who were 'saved,' and has no false modesty in relating how his prayers were, on all occasions, miraculously effectual. At one time he shouts directions at the top of his voice to the Irish steerage passengers in a storm how to amend their mode of application, and the storm soon after subsides. Again, he invokes divine chastisement on a youthful mocker, and the young man is straightway reduced to the verge of the grave. On another occasion he is called to a dying infidel, and soon after has him shouting 'Glory, glory, glory!' so loud that the neighbors rush in. 'Immediately the fever left him; next day he was up; in two days he was better.' But he became a backslider for all that. In another case Mr. Shaw attained only a spiritual success; 'in a few minutes after' the object of his solicitude 'breathed his last. The train was passing by on the railroad, and the chariot of fire must have borne him up to glory as the train swept along the passengers on earth.'" Such a book, we fancy, Mr. Shaw's "brotheren" will find highly edifying and improving. It at least satisfies the critical canons of our contemporary, *The Church Union*, which, exemplifying its own precept, observes *à propos* of Mr. Beecher's novel: "We believe in Fanny Fern. She is one brave preacher to poor crushed humanity. We can easier praise her noble utterances than parse her sentences. But thank God for bad grammar. The honest always use it. Accomplished villains always hate it. What is true of Fanny Fern is true also of Mr. Beecher."

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S probable safety is the subject of a private letter from Bombay, from which *The Athenæum* makes this extract:

"We feel great anxiety here about the fate of the Doctor, from whom nothing has been heard for upwards of a year. We do not, however, credit the accounts given of his murder by Musá and his Hindu companions. Not a single one of the eleven Christian Africans who accompanied Dr. Livingstone from Bombay has returned to us; and we conclude that he has most likely gone with them into the unexplored lake country. Two of them, who were educated to a certain extent in the Mission Institution under myself, were young Ajawas whom he had brought to India; and they were well acquainted with the languages of the country to which he was going. Had their master fallen, as described by Musá, both they and their companions (who were all from the Church Mission at Násik) would, we are confident, have sought to return to India, where they have many warm friends willing to assist them in a settlement in Africa, were it necessary."

The expedition in search of the explorer sailed from the Cape of Good Hope for the mouth of the Zambesi on July 15. On reaching the river it will ascend the Shire river, and cross overland to Lake Nyassa, within fifty miles of which the alleged murder took place.

MR. WALTER W. SKEAT contributes to *Notes and Queries* what he takes to be the original source of Shakespeare's *Seven Ages of Man*:

"In a poem entitled *This World is but a Vanyte*, from the Lambeth MS. 853, about A.D. 1430, printed in *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ* (edited by F. J. Furnivall for the Early English Text Society), at p. 83, we have a very curious comparison of the life of man to the seven times of the day. The number seven is here determined apparently by the hours of the Romish Church. Thus, corresponding to matins, prime, tierce, sext, nones, vespers, and compline, which were called in old English *uhtsang*, *primesang*, *undersang*, *middayang*, *nonang*, *evensang*, *nightsang*, we have the following periods of the day and of man's life: 1. Morning. The infant is like the morning, at first born spotless and innocent. 2. Midmorrow. This is the period of childhood. 3. Undern (9 A.M.). The boy is put to school. 4. Midday. He is knighted, and fights battles. 5. High noon (12 A.M., nones or ninth hour, 3 P.M.). He is crowned a king and fulfils all his pleasures.

6. Midovernoon (i. e., the middle of the period between high noon and evensong). The man begins to droop, and cares little for the pleasures of youth. 7. Evensong. The man walks with a staff, and death seeks him."

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE has completed and sent to the press *The Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Philip Francis*, the work commenced and left unfinished by the death of the late Mr. Joseph Parkes, and which, as we mentioned some months since, Mr. Thurlow Weed declares, from his own examination of its materials, will conclusively establish the identity of Francis and Junius.

MR. GEORGE VON BUNSEN will publish this fall *The Life of the Baron Bunsen*, drawn chiefly from his father's family papers.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P., has in press *The Irish in America*.

MR. EDMUND YATES, the Flâneur of *The Morning Star*, resigns that position in consequence of "the pressure of work of a different kind."

MR. DICKENS'S visit to this country, says *The Sunday Gazette*, is due to the critical state of his health and the injunctions of his physicians to relinquish literary labor for some time to come.

SIR ROWLAND HILL is writing *The History of Penny Postage*.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND has resigned the editorship of *Land and Water*, in which he is succeeded by Mr. John K. Lord, author of *At Home in the Wilderness* and of some note as a naturalist.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
SIR: Here is the air of



I copied it from an old "flute tutor," published on "the other side." Am sorry I do not possess "the full score." "R." will see that it is the same as *We won't go home till morning*.

I suppose every one has heard of the Frenchman lost in London who, unable to express himself in English, at last bethought himself of this tune, and was immediately directed by an intelligent British policeman to Marlborough Street.

Concerning the phrase "Everything is lovely," etc., a paragraph appeared lately in the provincial press stating its origin in this wise (I trust to memory and may not be strictly correct): It originated with the negroes of the South. The word "hang" in the phrase is a corruption of "yang," a term employed by them to express the peculiar cry of the wild goose in flying. In dark cloudy weather it flies low, and in bright clear weather high. Hence the phrase (properly), "Everything is lovely and the goose 'yange' high."

(pent-up) Urica, Sept. 1, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The music of *Malbrook* may be found in any music-store by enquiring for the comic song *Lava*, of which the chorus is

"If you're fond of pure vexation
And long procrastination
You're just in the situation
To enjoy a suit at law."

A. G. J.

TROY, Sept. 6, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: A few of us ex-Confederates would like to know what Federal soldiers meant by calling us "Johnnies" or "Johnny Rebs."

Very truly,

L. S. HARDIN.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 30, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: As criticism of critics is now the fashion, please allow me to ask whether Mr. Gould does not violate good usage when he speaks of certain words or phrases as having been *stricken out*? This use of *stricken* for *struck* is, I believe, purely American; and Worcester, under the word *strike*, says: "*Stricken* is nearly obsolete, except as a participial adjective." In my opinion, *stricken*, as above used, is on a par with *loan* for *lend* and *predicate* for *found* or *base*.

Yours truly,

J. P. R.

NEW YORK, August 30, 1867.

We may remind our correspondent that one need not be a purist to object to the use of *base*, in which he follows the newspapers, on the same grounds on which he justly excludes *stricken*, *loan*, and *predicate*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can you or any of your correspondents inform me who is the author of the following sentiment? "Ye eyes! ye human stars! ye authors of my liveliest pangs! if thus when shut ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open!" I think it is a translation from an Italian writer.

Yours very truly,

CHURCHILL.

WILMINGTON, Ohio, August 8, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I transmit herewith extracts from Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* and Kingsley's *Hyperborea*:

"A bishop's indiscretion, however, neutralized the apostolic blows of the mayor (Charles the Hammer). The pagan Radbod had already immersed one of his royal legs in the baptismal font when a thought struck him. 'Where are my dead forefathers at present?' he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfrad. 'In hell, with all other unbelievers,' was the imprudent answer. 'Mighty well,' replied Radbod, removing his leg; 'then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in heaven.' Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Frisian declined positively a rite which was to cause an eternal separation from his buried kindred, and he died as he had lived, a heathen."

Kingsley, in completing the history of the Goth Wulf, after his settlement in Spain, writes as follows:

"Wulf died as he had lived, a heathen. Placidia, who loved him well, as she loved all righteous and noble souls, had succeeded once in persuading him to accept baptism. Adolf himself acted as one of his sponsors; and the old warrior was in the act of stepping into the font, when he turned suddenly to the bishop and asked, 'Where were the souls of his heathen ancestors?' 'In hell,' replied the worthy prelate. Wulf drew back from the font, and threw his bear-skin cloak around him. . . . He would prefer, if Adolf had no objection, to go to his own people. And so he died unbaptized, and went to his own."

Does Mr. Kingsley simply use his privilege as a novelist to make a distant historical event subserve the purposes of his fiction, or did this curious incident actually occur twice?

Very respectfully, INCOGNITUS QUIDAM, M.A.

TROY, August 30, 1867.

"Incognitus Quidam" may find in Mr. Parkman's *Jesuits in North America* the same incident narrated in an account of a priest baptizing an Indian squaw. (See *The Round Table*, No. 122, May 25, 1867, p. 329.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I should like to be informed whether the line "Ave Faustina Imperatrix, mortuori te salutant," which heads the *Faustina* in Swinburne's *Laus Veneris*, is a quotation or not. If so, where it can be found.

Yours truly,

W. H. BRETT.

WARREN, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1867.

If we are not mistaken, it was the formula in which Roman gladiators saluted the emperor or empress before the games.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Why do you suppose Gen. Grant used the title of "His Excellency" in his recent letter to the President? It was proposed in the convention framing the Constitution, and adopted August 24, 1787, as article x., sec. 1: "The executive power of the United States shall be vested in a single person. His style shall be 'The President of the United States of America,' and his title shall be 'His Excellency,'" etc. But the Constitution as adopted and signed says, art. II., sec. 1: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office," etc., omitting entirely the proposed formal style and title.

Who was it that proposed in derision to give the Vice-President the title of "His most superfluous Highness"? Dr. Franklin? Is it proper to address the President as "His Excellency"? Is it not opposed to republican simplicity?

Very respectfully,

J. L.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 31, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your issue of August 31 your correspondent "C." gives unmistakable evidence that he has not been in the military service. Criticising the fifth stanza of Longfellow's *Palm of Life*, which is as follows:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

he says, "It is not easy to imagine two situations where *dumb, driven cattle* are more peculiarly out of place than in battle and bivouac, and it would be instructive to know in which of the two one is to be 'a hero in the strife.'"

I think it was Frederick the Great who said, "An army, like a snake, moves on its belly." In order that soldiers may fight they must eat, and it has been found that the kind of rations which furnishes their own transportation, viz., dumb, driven cattle, is the most available in active service, and consequently, fresh beef on the hoof—in other words, dumb, driven cattle—are always seen in the bivouac and on the battle-field. I have known many cases where cattle were killed by the enemy's bullets, and any intelligent reader ought to know, and I'll be bound that Mr. Longfellow did know, that no general moves his columns without his herd of cattle, and after the fight gives his men their rations of fresh beef upon the battle-field.

I can only account for "C.'s" second objection upon the ground that he does not quite comprehend the meaning of the word "bivouac," which I may mention for his information is of French origin and suggests nothing but rest. Mr. Longfellow counsels being a hero in the *strife*, but gives no advice whatever in respect to conduct in bivouac; and I don't see how any one can suppose there can be any *strife* in the bivouac, except, perhaps, in the matter of getting a soft bit of ground to sleep upon.

It is quite probable that "C." has never seen a bivouac or battle, and if so he has, of course, never seen dumb, driven cattle under those trying circumstances; but it does not follow that they have never been there, any more than it follows that the circle of human knowledge is bounded by the experience of "C."

I. F. II.

CHICAGO, September 7, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Upon reading "Cantab's" note, inserted in your number of July 27, I experimented a little in order to find the precise pith of the matter broached; for this pith is left in the dark a bit by the wording of the note. My experiments satisfied me as to one point—that "Cantab" is not *left-handed*; because if he

had poured the water with the left hand, the rotary motion must have started from left to right, rather than in the contrary direction named. Pouring with my right hand, I made the same discovery which "A. W. S.," commenting in your last issue, seems to have made, namely, the discovery that the opening course of the whirl, whether *toward* or *away* from me, depended upon the inclination of the falling water. I say that I *made the discovery*. The better expression would be, I *confirmed my previous supposition*; for it ought to be self-evident that the force of the fall would be that which would produce the whirl.

But I did not rest the question at the point thus indicated. The water was allowed to remain in the vessel until the motion caused by the pouring had ceased; then, on giving it vent, the spiral movement, as far as I could perceive one at all, was *always* such as to show an impulse from the pole toward the equator—at any rate, such was the conclusion at which I arrived. What is this impulse? The theory to which "A. W. S." alludes claims the fact of a "moving equatorward," but does not suggest an explanation of the fact. I would like to see this explanation in *Notes and Queries*.

G. W. EVERETT.

FORT FAIRFIELD, Maine, Sept. 5, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Occasional enquiry having been made for "the world-famous Hymn of Notker," I have transcribed it as it stands in Migne's *Patrologia Cursus Completus*, vol. 87, p. 56:

"Sequentis lamentationis prosum fecit sanctus Notkerus, cum in Martindobeli pons in loco precipiti et periculosissimo adificaretur. Quis autem versus adiecerit nescio. Descripti ex vetustissimo codice, ubi cum modernis etiam notis est: 'Media vitæ in morte sumus, quæ querimus adiutorem, nisi te, Domine, qui pro peccatis nostris iuste traseris?'"

"ACH.

"Homo perpende fragilis,
Mortalis, et instabilis,
Quod vitare non poteris,
Mortem, quæcumque ieris.
Audent te, sapissime,
Dum visis libenterime.
Sancte Deus.

"VÆ.

"Calamitatis inedia,
Vermis premit invidia,
Dum audit fletum animam
Mortalis eadem ultimam!
Nec Christi fortis gladius,
Transiret, et non alius,
Sancte fortis.

"HEU.

"Nil valet nobilitas,
Neque sedis sublimitas,
Nil generis potentia,
Nil rerum affluentia,
Plus pura conscientia
Valeat mundi scientia.

"Sancte et misericors Salvator, amare morti ne tradas nos." It would seem that, in Migne's opinion, Notker wrote only the prose lamentation which he has enclosed in single commas: 'In the midst of life we are in death! What helper shall we seek but thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly angry.' The *English Liturgy* adds to this, however, a free translation of the interjections which stand at the head, and the exclamations which stand at the end, of the three verses thus:

"Oh! Lord God most holy!

Oh! Lord most mighty!

Oh!

"Holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not unto the bitter pains of eternal death!"

Now, I suspect that these sentences are simply parts of a liturgy well known to Notker, or to him who added the verses to Notker's prose. I am confirmed in this opinion by finding in the early Jacobite liturgy, the following rubric:

"Sacerdos—ter oblata incensat in modum circuli, dicens:
"Sanctus Deus!
"Sancus fortis!
"Sanctus immortalis!" etc.

Can some one who has a copy of Notker's complete works, or some liturgist or ritualist familiar with the facts in the case, elucidate the matter, and enlighten the darkness of a NEOPHYTE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Schele de Vere, in his *Studies in English*, when writing about the pronoun *its*, says: "This remarkable pronoun occurs in all but five times in our Bible version." I do not quite understand this statement. After a somewhat careful examination of the Bible, in the edition of 1611, I have not been able to find *its* in that version anywhere. The *its* of Leviticus, xxv., found in the modern reprints, was originally *it*, the only instance of the use of this possessive in the authorized version, I think. So the matter stands with respect to the Bible we now use. In the *Geevan Testament* it occurs as a possessive six times, perhaps; *its*, of course, not at all.

The professor says further that Milton has *its* but twice—meaning in his poetry, I suppose. The word does occur twice in the *Paradise Lost*, as the professor states; but it is found also once in the tenth stanza of the *Ode on the Nativity*. I have not met with it elsewhere in the poems of Milton.

WOODSTOCK, Vt., September 6, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Please find enclosed a clipping from *The Jefferson Times*; title, *The Murruring Stream*. A young gentleman of our little city claims the authorship of the article; but we—that is, our literary club—think it a plagiarism, although we cannot decide the matter.

Knowing *The Round Table* to be authority in all literary matters, it has been decided that I should write to you for a decision. Will you please give me the name of the *real* author of the article alluded to, if known to you? No doubt *The Murruring Stream* was not the title of the original article.

Yours, very respectfully,

B.

JEFFERSON, Texas, August 17, 1867.

This is the first stanza of the enclosed "article":

"He loved her long with a love unspoken,
But at length one night was his silence broken;
By a murruring stream at twilight sought her,
To own his love near that sparkling water."

There are four more of the same sort, and we see no reason whatever to doubt their entire originality.

THE GREAT PRIZE.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSEL, PARIS, 1867.—THE HOWE MACHINE CO.—ELIAS HOWE, JR.—699 Broadway, New York, awarded, over eighty-two competitors, the ONLY GRAND CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR AND GOLD MEDAL given to American Sewing Machines, as per Imperial Decree, published in the *Moniteur Universel* (Official Journal of the French Empire), Tuesday, July 2, 1867.

THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 138,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

The Condition of the South, Views from Mountains,
Realities, Men of Straw.

REVIEWS:

The Study of English, Educational Progress.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

Willson's Readers, Kay's Readers, Sanders's Union Readers,
Holmes's Southern Readers,
American Orator's Own Book, Atwell's Principles of Elocution,
Bautain's Art of Extempore Speaking,
Smith's Etymology, Clark's Elements of the English Language,
Schele de Vere's Studies in English, Beginning French,
Ahn's Rudiments of German,
Knapp's Chrestomathie Française and Grammar of French,
Follesner's Elements of German,
Otto's French Conversation Grammar and German Grammar,
Keetels's New Method of Learning French,
Schele de Vere's French Grammar, Collet's French Series,
Magill's French Series, Bullione's Greek Grammar, Greek Reader,
First Lessons in Greek, and Principles of Latin Grammar,
Morris's Latin Lessons,
Bullione's Caesar, Cicero, and Sallust, Bingham's Latin Grammar,
Harkness's Latin Readers and Grammar,
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|---------------|-----------------|---------------|------------------|-------------------------|
| 40 | \$10,000 | \$1,280 | \$3,572 | \$13,572 |
| 35 | 8,000 | 1,002 | 2,848 | 10,848 |
| 30 | 7,500 | 708 | 2,708 | 10,208 |
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